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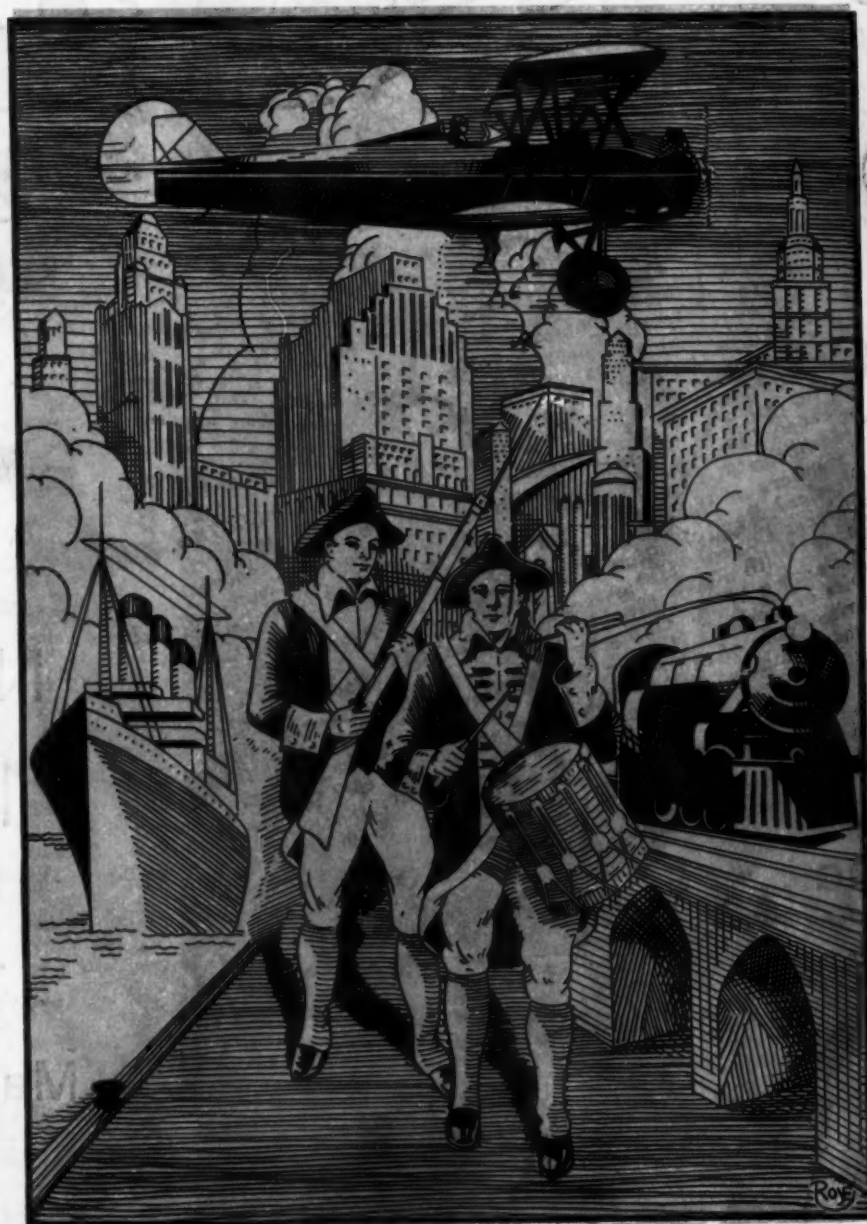
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Joe Mitchell Chapple's

Oct.-Nov., 1931

NATIONAL

Illustrated Magazine

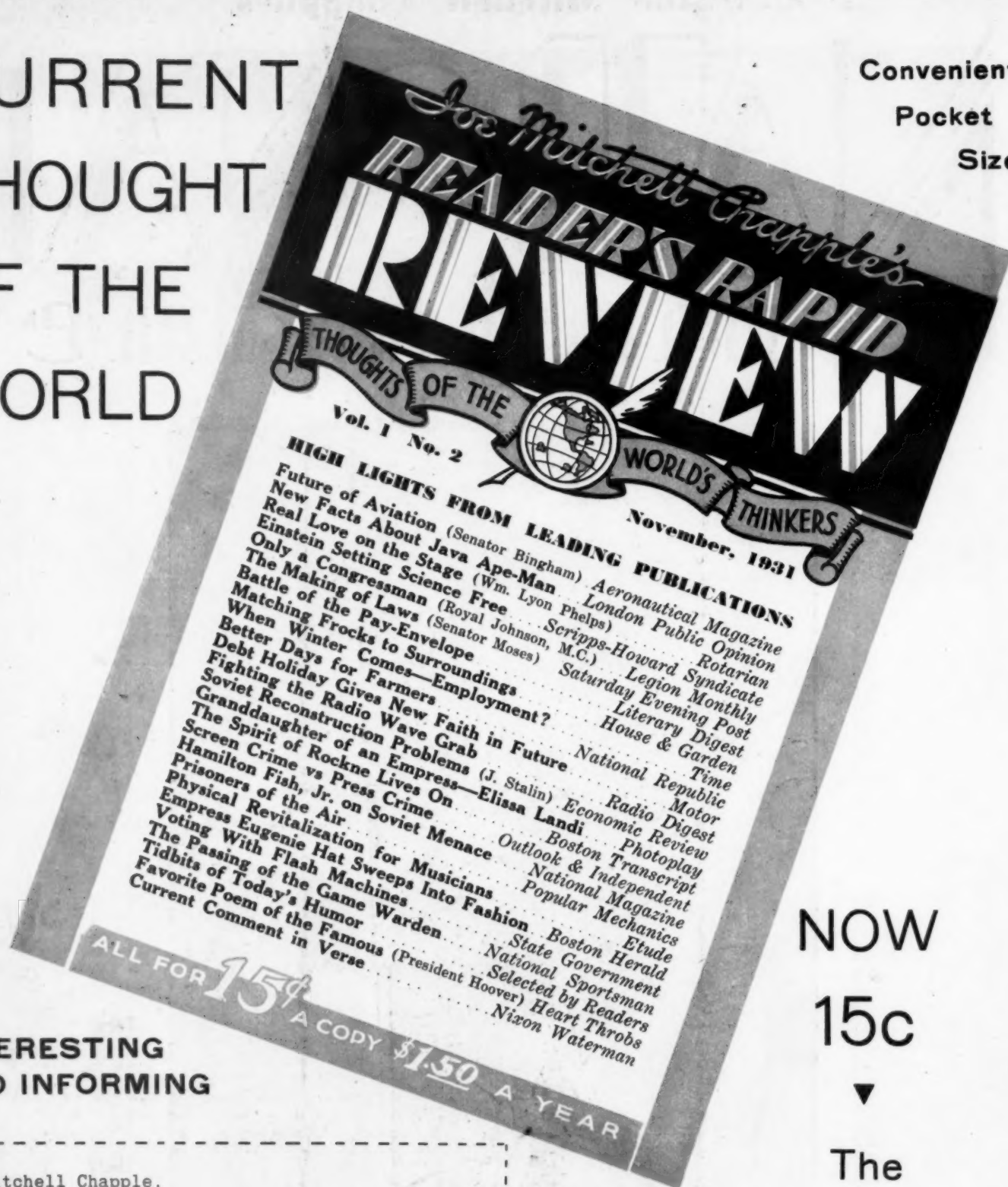


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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



FULL-ORBED October days found the President preparing for the worst as the time is approaching for the Seventy-second Congress to meet and organize. In his radio speeches at the Legion Convention at Detroit and Yorktown, President Hoover gave the people some startling conceptions of the problems of their government. Some of the wild-passioned, inconsiderate and impracticable onslaughts by the blocs upon the Treasury may be frustrated. The survey of his Unemployment Commission under the direction of W. S. Gifford and Owen D. Young, two master executive minds, has begun to function. A challenge of "no surrender" has been given to the threatened dole system that has the stranglehold upon England. The problem of more work and meeting the conditions for the winter has been organized on a community basis reflecting the real spirit of democracy. Each neighborhood, village, town, city and state, will handle its own problems and in that way give the direct help where it will be most needed, deserved and understood. The October campaign recalled the stirring spirit of wartime drives. The united appeal was sent out under which all the committees are co-ordinated. Those who have gone over the situation thoroughly insist there will be no need of any people suffering for food or clothing in this country if the organizations function and the volunteer impulse of good will and helpfulness prevails. As a last resort the equipment of the army and navy will be available to house the homeless, for there is a grim determination on the part of those in charge of the operations to see to it that the United States of America cares for its own, as it has helped to care for humanity in other lands wherever and whenever an appeal for help has been made.

FROM the time I first met the late Dwight W. Morrow—an energetic, level-headed young lawyer in New York—I felt that I had met a friend who would never fail. The kindly twinkle in his eyes, his hearty humanness and the clearly defined words in

conversation—were impressive. A banker with tremendous responsibilities, he maintained that same poise and unflagging friendliness. Even in those rushing days he was deeply interested in public affairs and played his full part as a citizen from the time he and his wife began "our law practice," as he laughingly remarked, in a thirty-five dollar apartment. Being a classmate and close friend of Calvin Coolidge at Amherst naturally whetted his personal interest in the personnel of national leaders. Early deciding in his own mind that Calvin Coolidge was a man destined to play an important part in public life, he was one of the first enthusiastic supporters of Calvin Coolidge as a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. Long before he was appointed to what proved to be his great work in Mexico, Dwight Morrow was an adviser extraordinary to the President of the United States. The perplexing and unpromising diplomatic mission on the docket was assigned to him but he never shirked what he felt to be a duty. In a few months he began making history south of the Rio Grande. When President Coolidge visited Cuba for the Conference to help straighten out matters in the Latin-American republics it was Dwight Morrow who headed the delegation and unraveled some bad snarls around the conference board. Small in stature, he seemed to rise to a great height when he was called upon to clarify a situation to a group of men around the committee table all thinking in opposite directions. On arriving from Mexico his genial greeting to the newspaper men on that occasion had the aspect of one who had arrived on the scene and was willing to help them give the real news. Shortly before he left Mexico, I visited the American Embassy in the capital city of the Aztec republic, where the courtship of Anne Morrow by Charles Lindbergh began after that eventful flight. The band was playing on the veranda and the guests were welcomed by Ambassador Morrow and his wife and family in that manner of convincing heartfulness which had already won the hearts of the Mexican people. He had a way of frankly looking each guest in the eye and saying something that was just the right word



The late Dwight W. Morrow

for the occasion. When he was about to close negotiations with President Calles on an important matter he was asked whether he desired to await the arrival of his own interpreter and legal advisor, Mr. Morrow laughingly replied:

"Your interpreter and your lawyer will suffice. We are here to begin relations based on confidence." The feeling grew apace in Mexico as well as in the United States that Dwight Morrow was a diplomat who adjusted himself to the modern methods of frankness and honor. Once I heard Mr. Morrow say rather deliberately "honor is the only thing that endures." On returning to the United States he was called upon



Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt

to run as Senator from New Jersey. The country at large was deeply interested in his election because they felt that it recruited for public service in the Senate a man who was equal to responsibilities that did not stop short of the presidency. Frequently mentioned in this connection, he pushed aside all suggestions of becoming a candidate for president with that unswerving friendship characteristic of the man. Loyal service to President Hoover continued to the very last days of his life. It was at the London Conference that he set his supreme record as an international conferee. The vexing tangles that appeared day by day were met by the "little giant" with enthusiastic confidence that there was no such thing as "fail" if human relations man to man and nation to nation, could be adjusted in a spirit of fairness and understanding. He was known as the last ditch delegate. Working intensely, giving little thought to eating or sleeping betimes, he pursued his policy of kindly-spoken and definite words to convey a concrete proposition. When others were discouraged, his buoyant spirit rose to the greatest heights and his eager sincerity stood out like a beacon light of hope. Even after an adjournment when everything was awry and results hanging in the air, he would linger about and have a little friendly side chat or take a walk with some of the delegates that frequently resulted in a change of front at the roll call. An admiration for the modern methods of American diplomacy as exemplified in his work established the methods of Dwight W. Morrow as a precedent. Upon his return to the United States from Europe he was preparing to continue in the Senate in his modest, self-effacing way, confident that he would effect in

that deliberative body the same cohesive and co-ordinated work that he had been able to bring about in his widely-varied and successful international negotiations. The people of the United States, regardless of party, felt a sense of great loss when the news flashed of his sudden passing from life in the same quiet way that he had lived. While his work was not finished he had given of his best to his country. In the perplexing situations at Washington there was no adviser more appreciated than Dwight Morrow who had already lived to approve the moratorium plan of President Hoover in Europe and to organize the gigantic bank pool of half a billion dollars at home to broaden the Federal Reserve Act, and meet the emergency. He lived to see the turn in the tide. His life was a history of the successful fulfillment of the tasks he undertook in behalf of his fellow countrymen. This explains why so many millions had already thought of him as a strong and likely future candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

SURVEYING the presidential campaign for 1931 it is evident to many keen political observers that Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York has a good start and well-defined lead for the nomination on the Democratic ticket. His candidacy has even enlisted the interest of those listed Republicans, known as western insurgents—on the water power issue. Tammany's support is fairly well assured in long distance gestures in spite of the Seabury investigations. A governor of New York has always seemed to occupy a strategic position for a presidential nomination in both political parties. Many New York chief executives have almost reached the presidential nomination goal, but only a few have been named. Governor Seward had a pre-convention lead over Lincoln. Oldtime politicians shake their heads when they see a candidacy bud and bloom too soon, prior to the first roll call. An early frost seems to have nipped many ambitious candidates. A strange fate seems to follow the candidates who are strong in the early poll. They are naturally the target for all others in the field, and when the convention assembles find they are short of the re-



Edgar A. Guest the popular poet and his son

quired number of votes to nominate their candidate on the first ballot. Few Democratic candidates for presidential honors have been showered with more popular acclaim than Franklin Roosevelt. An able and popular governor, he has conducted himself with poise and dignity, like a candidate to the manner born—avoiding unnecessary pitfalls and making friends on every hand. In the background there comes the rumblings of the purposes of the followers of Alfred E. Smith, Newton D. Baker, Wm. G. McAdoo, Governor Ritchie and Owen D. Young as possible rivals east of the Mississippi. On the banks of the Missouri looms the candidacy of former Senator James A. Reed, who has been a prominent figure in Democratic national conventions ever since he was barred from the floor at San Francisco twenty-four years ago. An avowed wet, he has a way of saying things that attract attention and appeal to the oldtime Jefferson-Jackson type who favor a militant and aggressive leader. Already he has been given the backing of his state, and Missouri still clings to the "show me" tradition. Herbert Hoover was the first president born west of the Mississippi. Curiously enough, speaking of trans-Mississippi candidates, the birthplace of President Hoover is within a few miles of where Senator Reed first saw the light of day. In his peculiar way of biting sarcasm, Senator Reed in referring to the fact, declared, "That was the time I was nearest to Herbert Hoover in my young life—and I couldn't help myself."

TO those who have known Colonel Frank Knox these twenty years there is the confirmatory thrill of being able to say "I told you so" when he was discovered on one of the topmost rungs of his chosen ladder. It does not seem long ago that William Franklin Knox, born in Boston not far from the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin, graduated from Alma, Michigan College. Taking Horace Greeley's advice to "go west" early in life he began his rather meteoric career by serving as reporter, city editor and manager of circulation on the Grand Rapids, Mich., *Herald* for the two years following his graduation. Then he felt the urge to own a newspaper and sallied forth to Sault Ste. Marie, following in the wake of Governor Chase S. Osborn. Here he remained for eleven years, watching the commerce of the world "go by" at the Soo Locks and faithfully recording "passages at the Soo" in his newspaper. Then came the call of the east and in 1912 he enlisted enthusiastically in the forces of

Theodore Roosevelt and became owner of the Manchester, N. H., *Union and Leader* with John Muehling as his partner. Serving in the First United States Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders) during the Spanish-American War, may account for his intense personal admiration for the candidacy of Theodore Roosevelt. Two years previous he had been chairman of the Republican State Central Committee in Michigan, so that he did not have to serve a second apprenticeship when he resumed political activities in the east. During the World War he was commanding captain of the F. A. U. S. A. and was assigned to the Seventy-eighth Division where he won the military rank of major, supplementing the similar honorary appointments in this rank he had received from the Governors of Michigan and New Hampshire. Serv. Col. Frank Knox, Chicago "Daily News"



ing overseas in the army until February 1919, he was chosen, soon after his return, as chairman of the New Hampshire delegation to the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1920 when Warren G. Harding was nominated. In 1927 he was appointed General Manager of the Hearst Newspapers and made a remarkable record with that organization. After his retirement in 1931 he purchased the Chicago *Daily News* with Theodore T. Ellis of Worcester, Mass. as his partner. This newspaper together with its new building and perfected printing plant was considered a monument to the memory of Victor F. Lawson, one of the founders of the *Daily News*. The paper has become one of the most potential evening publications in the world, and under the direction of the indomitable Colonel Knox it will carry on not only the high achievements of the past but will set a new mark for modern journalism in the United States, for the saying still goes, "Knox knows how to do it."



A group of National Editorial Association Officers

NOW and then Joseph Bolton, the genial secretary and manager of the Advertising Club in New York makes a visit to Washington where he basks in the welcome of the many eminents whom he has helped to entertain at the club in New York. Wearing a white flower in his buttonhole, he carries a battery of his famous cigars in his inside pocket—ready for action. Joe Bolton would rather give something away than keep it for himself. From the first to the top floor of the club he flits quicker than the elevator in looking after the distinguished guests that foregather in the beautiful home of this most popular club in New York City. There always seems to be a homey and a family spirit within the walls of the old mansion containing the famous staircase which Stanford White brought from Europe and reconstructed together with the old fireplaces dating back to the fourteenth century. While these furnishings have given this club house a distinction all its own, it is the "heap o' friendliness" across the threshold that makes such an attractive rendezvous for those who are doing things in these stirring days.

ABOUT a year ago I chanced to meet Edward W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, after he had had a conference with President Hoover. I recall very well his quiet but effective analysis of the business situation. With all the vigor of his fifty-four years Mr. Beatty has proven a worthy successor of



Joseph Bolton,
Secretary N. Y. Advertising Club

Lord Shaughnessy as chief executive of the greatest transportation system in the world in meeting some of the greatest problems in its history. He was born in Thorld, Ontario and graduated from the University of Toronto in 1898. Three years later he entered the service of the C. P. R. as assistant to the General Counsel. In this work he gained a practical insight into the managerial operations of the great corporation. Keenly interested in the Canadian educational question he has served as one of the governors of McGill University and is Chancellor of King's University, Kingston. In his addresses he has evinced not only a thorough knowledge of affairs in Canada and the world at large as relating to transportation, but he has injected an enthusiasm of executive leadership that has made his address "Canadian Observations" a veritable textbook. The story of this great railway with a total mileage of twenty-one thousand miles and steamboats girdling the globe is a historical romance in itself. It is the largest privately-owned concern in the British Empire, and has been a potent factor in the exploitation and development of the Dominion of Canada exemplifying a faith in the land of the Maple Leaf that is backed by deeds. The C. P. R. is much greater than a railway company, for it comprises in one corporate existence many of the most substantial Canadian enterprises, with boats plying on lake, rivers and oceans, telegraph companies



A collegiate conception of the
opening of Congress

of its own, hotels reaching from coast to coast, timber lands and prairie lands, mines, town sites, irrigation projects—there is scarcely a plane of industrial development of any nature in Canada that has not been directly or indirectly served in the range of activities of the Canadian Pacific. Despite tariffs there is a growing neighborliness across the boundary, indicating that Canada is meeting its problems with the United States.

A NEWSPAPER that reflects personality is the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. It revealed the character of its late publisher, William L. McLean during his long and busy years of service. A modest man, the outstanding success that followed his efforts are recorded in meagre lines in "Who's Who" respecting his personal wishes.

His long and useful career of unswerving devotion to an ideal began in the business department of a country newspaper at Mount Pleasant, Pa. Early learning how to make income exceed outgo, he was ready for a great task when he took hold of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* and applied sound business principles and high ethics to the making of a newspaper of character that would make friends, keep friends and deserve friends. Comparatively few people came in direct personal contact with this dynamic character under whose direction, with the help of his sturdy sons, the *Evening Bulletin* became an institution in the City of Brotherly Love, but his character continues to radiate in every page of this popular home newspaper.



Princess Alexandria Victoria

WHEN Ballard Dunn discusses matters with his pen or his mellifluous speaking voice, he always arrives somewhere with a conclusion that is interesting and definite. That has been his editorial habit acquired years ago when he left high school in St. Louis and began newspaper work. Although born a Hoosier he began his education in Missouri, graduating at the Washington University Law School in 1898. In the meantime he saw service in the Spanish-American War with the Volunteers. Resuming newspaper work on the St. Louis *Chronicle* at the beginning of the century he moved west to Colorado, then back to Chicago and on to Omaha, where he has become an editorial force in the affairs of the city on the banks of the Missouri. In Chicago he was president of the Cook County Civil Service Commission and had a fling in the poster business, but it is as a



Edward W. Beatty, President C. P. R.

writer and a thinker that Ballard Dunn is at his best. I chanced to glimpse some manuscript he had written which was being read in Washington by one of the members of President Hoover's Unemployment Commission. It was grimly titled, "Where is my Job" and the author proceeds to tell you why. The newspaper friend reading

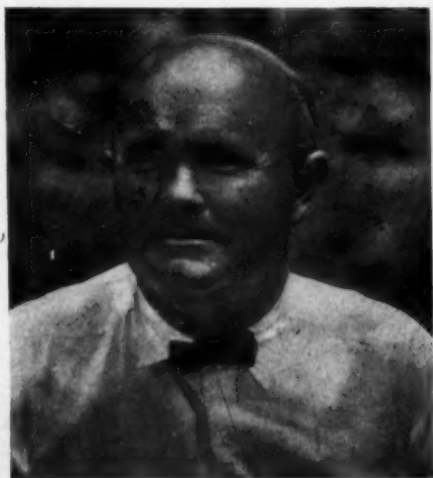


Ballard Dunn

the manuscript expressed himself succinctly, "It is a good book. And covers the problem from the job standpoint as well as from the basis of economic law." On the threshold of another winter of unemployment the job question is more acute than ever. Mr. Dunn has outlined suggestions on productivity that ought to be heeded before the cycle of another depression appears. The publication of this book will be awaited with keen interest at this particular time.

WHEN I visited Weston, West Virginia I found evidences of the constructive work that Mr. W. H. (Bill) Kendrick is doing with the "Four-H Clubs." Since that time the movement has taken on a new impetus, but Bill Kendrick has kept pace and still remains one of the popular and beloved leaders of the boys and girls in the Four-H movement. It was Bill who taught them how to "do things" at their camps and make real work as exciting as a ball game. It was Bill who showed them how much fun there was in real work. The clubs are now organized in every state and the letter "H" has something of the magic good luck of the swastika cross from which the letter "H" originated. Boys and girls trained to co-ordinate head, heart, hand, and health are making the vigor of youth a potent and active influence in the affairs of the nation.

IN the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington I found Princess Alexandria Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein a charming personality. She was all aglow concerning her art, without even a mention of the days when she was a belle at the Court of Kaiser Wilhelm. A great



Col. W. H. (Bill) Kendrick

grand niece of Queen Victoria, she seemed thoroughly at home and adapted to American ways. It was difficult at first to have her talk of herself, but when I touched on the subject of art, she related in a softly modulated voice, some of her experiences as an artist.

"I have painted since my childhood and studied at the Berlin Academy with Professor Arthur

Kampf. I was keen on the color sense and since the Revolution I made a profession of painting. As I did not want to specialize, I painted any subject which seemed interesting, picturesque and especially colorful. Why should not a portraitist be allowed to paint landscapes or flowers? It is very necessary that he is skilful in everything because many portraits are done with a landscape or flower background, and if the artist did not study flowers and landscape just as thoroughly, he will ruin his portrait. Before the revolution, I sold my pictures entirely for the benefit of the poor and the hospitals. But, alas, since the revolution, I have to work for myself and can't help any more.

"When hard times came in Germany, I came to this country to do the portraits of some interesting people, including Princess Chazchavadze, born Princess of Russia, the Princess

Matchabelli, who created the role of the Madonna in the Miracle, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who is known for his humanitarian work among the Esquimaux, Princess Braganza, born Anita Stewart, Chief Long Lance, Richard E. Enright, former Police Commissioner of New York, and Fanny Hurst."

During the conversation, she was accosted by several young artists who expressed deep admiration of a portrait she had just completed of the Indian Chief from the far west, Long Lance, attired in evening dress, contrasting sharply to the costumes worn by his ancestors in tribal days.

Princess Alexandria Victoria is of the blonde Saxon type—blue eyes and the distinctive features of the House of Schleswig-Holstein, whence came the royal lines of Denmark and Greece. (Alexandria of Great Britain and the Czarina Maria Feodorovna of Russia, Christian IX, who was Prince of Schleswig-Holstein before he became King of Denmark). She spoke with scarcely an accent, and paid her tribute to the United States in general, and New York in particular, as a great art and cultural center. She has been conducting a school of painting and some of the students were Americans who had met her at court ceremonies at Potsdam as a young girl and later as a bride. The Princess did not seem to regard the radical change in her life as a misfortune.

"I do love my work, and living among people who appreciate art.



John Clyde Oswald



The late William L. McLean, Philadelphia "Bulletin"

There is much talent in America to be developed. The more mechanical we become in the routine daily life, the deeper will be the appreciation of the idealism that comes with the brush and the pen and the chisel. Nations may come and go but art goes on forever. With such a country as you have in grand and impressive scenic wonders, I feel that the United States will welcome and develop many great artists. I had a great inspiration in painting landscapes in California and was especially awed and enthralled with the majestic splendor of the Grand Canyon. In contrast with this, you have the tropics and Florida. My visit to the West Indies only enhanced my appreciation of the wonderful scope of landscape work offered the artists in tours about the United States and the western world."

WHEN one mentions the name of Benjamin Franklin among a group of printers they are very likely to refer to their colleague, John Clyde Oswald, formerly editor of the *American Printer* and biographer of the author of "Poor Richard." Mr. Oswald has rendered his craft a great service by his comprehensive and discriminating life of Benjamin Franklin giving graphic flashes of the philosophy of the patron saint of the art preservative in America. Clyde Oswald began his printing business in his birthplace—the village of Fort Recovery, Ohio, but has been identified with the printing craft in New York City since the beginning of the century. He is also the author of a History of Printing and is president of the International Benjamin Franklin Society and of the Art Alliance of America. As chairman of the American Commercial International press exhibit at Cologne in 1928 he added new honors to the printing craft in America. In all his business activities he finds his best recreation in a trip to Washington to browse about in the libraries, watching for more material concerning his life hero Benjamin Franklin.

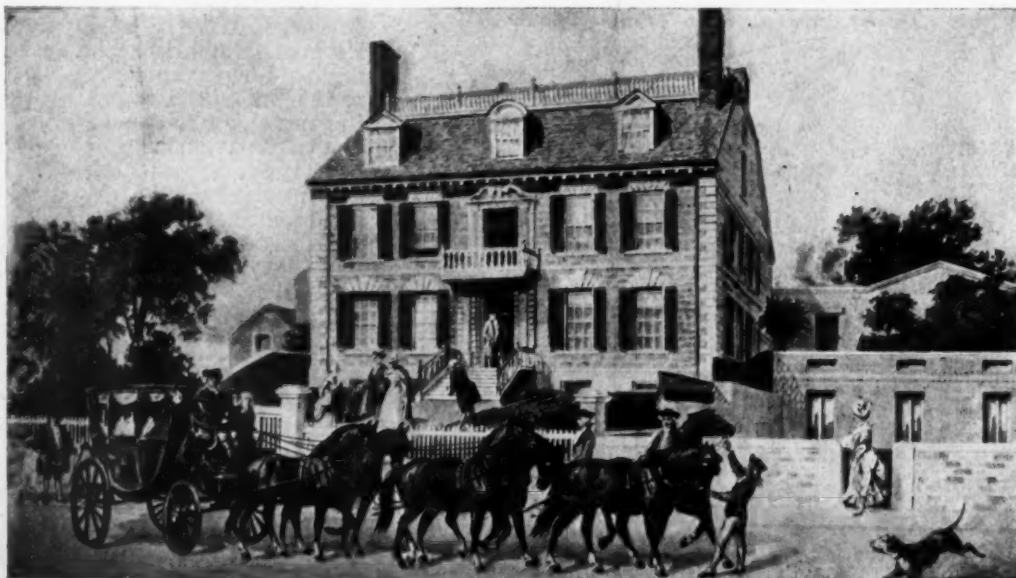
TRADITIONS persist concerning the old time country editor and the office towel that could stand alone, but the contrast of the conditions today and fifty years ago when the National Editorial Association was organized by the late Colonel B. B. Herbert, reveals progress. The Association has excursed for conventions in every state in the Union. In the old days the privilege of free passes and free lunches were enjoyed to such an extent that it was facetiously called "The National Eating Association." From the ranks of the newspapers represented in the N. E. A. membership have been recruited some of the leading metropolitan publishers of today, including no less personages than Adolph Ochs of the *New York Times*, Colonel Knox of the *Chicago Daily News*, Frank Gannett, Roy Howard and other magnates of newspaper syndicates. The present officers are L. M. Nichols of the Bristow (Okla.) *Record* who succeeded George B. Dolliver of the *Battle Creek (Mich.) Moon-Journal*, and H. C. Houtaling of Minnesota still holds forth as the executive secretary and arranges for conventions in all parts of the country that suggest something of the merry

jaunts of old days. The last convention was held in Atlanta and the host was the Georgia Press Association. Herman Roe, the field director of the Association, is one of the active forces in gathering together some real cash advertising revenue for the country editors that used to be taken in washing machines and exchange advertisements including almost everything mentioned in a mail order catalogue.

THE tragic message conveying the news of the death of Senator Dwight W. Morrow, the beloved father, intercepted the airplane journey of Colonel Lindbergh and his wife in China and the Orient. The tour had already assumed a semi-official status. The State Department gave the newspapers an official example of a news story concerning the accident now a part of the archives of diplomatic relations.

"When the plane touched water after being lowered from the deck of the *Hermes*, the four knot current swept the plane sidewise and tipped it until one wing went under and the plane tilted to about 90 degrees. Mrs. Lindbergh attempted by pressing a lever to inflate a collapsed rubber life belt which she was wearing. The belt failed to inflate and appearing quite unperturbed she followed the instructions of Colonel Lindbergh and dove into the water and passed under the plane. Colonel Lindbergh also dove at the same time and passed under the plane. They were both swimming easily and were picked up a short distance down stream by a boat from the *Hermes*."

THE historic old Hancock house in Boston is associated with the memories of the Yorktown Surrender. While the structure itself has retired from its queenly site on Beacon Hill to make way for the new State House with the golden dome—the remembrances of gatherings at the Hancock Mansion remain a part of national history. It was here that Washington visited even before the days of the Revolution and later graced with his presence on social occasions when emerging into world fame. What stories these old walls could have told of those stirring times during the Revolution preceding the surrender at Yorktown. On the night the news was received it is said that the Hancock Mansion was ablaze with a thousand candles. This may have originated the custom of candle lighting the houses overlooking the Common at the Yuletide while carols are being sung on the historic ground where the minute men were mustered.



THE JOHN HANCOCK MANSION ON BEACON HILL

PERHAPS it is not fair to say that the Vina Delmar story was only "average" material for the screen. However, it is safe to say that "Bad Girl" might easily have been made into "just another picture".

But Frank Borzage has taken the hard, common and often-cheap character delineations of the Delmar novel, and turned out a picture with a memorable combination of the *ideal* and the *real*. It is that happy combination, it would seem, which makes the *Eddie Collins* of the picture so unforgettable. Possessing qualities which we all admire, *Eddie* actually lives in reality—however far removed he may be from our individual worlds. That is the best way I can explain the somewhat disturbing element involved in recalling parts of the picture to mind.

Then again, the principal characters move against a background of "bits" that are excellently done. The late Dean of stage producers, David Belasco, was known for exactly that same conscientious handling of even the smallest part in the play. In this picture—the little girl clerk in the radio store, who is viewed for only a few seconds time, is real, attractive and believable. The old woman who telephones her tragic message from the phone in the hall is magnificent in her few moments. The sour-faced inebriate, and—well, all the rest, contribute their part to as polished and smooth a production as has come from Hollywood in a very long time.

James Dunn, a newcomer to the screen, who plays *Eddie Collins*, was described to me by a press-agent as being "a combination of Mayor Walker, Lindbergh and the Prince of Wales." The description is as ridiculous as it sounds. James Dunn is very much himself, and if his personal quality were to be likened to anyone's it may be said that there is something about him reminiscent of the late Wallace Reid—and it is the merest suggestion, in no way borne out by physical resemblance. If Fox does right by him, he ought to turn out some fine performances in the future. *He knows how to act*—which is very much more than can be said of 80 per cent of the screen's people.

The picture follows the Delmar story very closely, so far as the sequence of happenings goes, and the book is too well known to need recounting here. But, thanks to good-looking, understanding James Dunn, who gives just the right light-comedy touch to the character of *Eddie Collins*; thanks to Sally Eilers, whose *Dot* is intelligent, lovable, and understandable even in those moments when her part loses sympathy by reason of her lack of faith; and thanks to Minna Gombell, who makes *Edna* a much finer person, and a much more amusing one, than the *Edna* of the book; with final appreciation to Frank Borzage, whose touch is in evidence throughout all scenes—We can report that this is one of the finest, most entertaining productions in many a day.

* * *

AND now, on the other hand—"Merely Mary Ann" was received with something approaching riotous merriment in its "Grand Preview Opening" here in Washington. People who stay up till after eleven-thirty in Washington are pretty apt to be calloused in other ways too. This story—which was young in the long-ago days of Nora Bayes—ambles along from scene to scene with Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell trying their darndest, and often succeeding in moment, to turn in good performances. But the story has no stamina or character whatever—not even that of an ordinary fairy-tale. This picture is mainly for people who cannot bear to see Janet Gaynor have to say goodbye to a canary, or for those who faint at the sight of blood. The canary, as a matter of fact, is about the only member of the cast at home in his part. Mr. Farrell may be handsome and romantic, and Janet Gaynor may be wistful and altogether appealing, but those qualities cannot be PACKED into each succeeding scene without the players becoming a trifle self-conscious.

* * *

EVIDENCE accumulates that Herbert Hoover is a president with practical plans. It is agreed upon by many that his move for a moratorium with Germany saved that country, if not Europe at large, from the onslaught of Bol-

shevism. As a trained engineer, the President seems to be working on very definite purposes, and best of all, the Hoover plans seem to be working. Applying his big broad policies to our conditions at home in the United States, the result was revealed in renewed hope in intrinsic values. It was a tonic that will create a happy appetite for concentrating on the objective



James Dunn playing the hero in "Bad Girl"

of providing work to eliminate the bile of fear. With the banks rediscounting assets in the millions, giving needed credit where frozen securities were congealed, money will gradually find its way into circulation and back into payrolls. The President frankly asked the banks to contribute and suggested broadening the Federal Reserve Act to meet the emergency confronting the country. If ultimately necessary, the government will create a big finance corporation and protect its own people as any government should in such contingencies. Best of all, the White House conference has inspired a unity of action coordinating the resources of the country by presenting a united front against the cunning foe of fear and lack of confidence. The action of the leaders of the opposing political parties has been most commendable, generously offering the President of the United States whatever support he needs in a contingency that is only paralleled by a war emergency. The very atmosphere of Washington in the later autumn days was surcharged with a spirit of "get-together" and pull-together that has not been manifest since the stirring days of the war. In his own quiet way, without a flare of trumpets or amid the din of martial enthusiasm, Herbert Hoover has steadfastly pursued the plans based on facts and conditions rather than theories, giving hours of concentrated and devoted study during the long summer months to the supreme necessities of the times with a determination to take action along lines that have no suspicion of partisan or personal advantages. The result is already apparent in an understanding between the people in all permits, that the one thing before them now is to "win the war" against depression and restore good times.

Altruism from an Individual Viewpoint

Work of Dr. Charles Elton Blanchard in his life-long course of reading and study to utilize the knowledge of what has gone before to help solve the constantly recurring problems of human nature.

NOW and then I come across an individual who is serving his day and generation better than he may think. Out of the earnestness of his own soul, he stirs thought in others in widely varied directions. A devoted reverence for the wisdom and thought of ages past and interpreting it in the light of the present day is a real service. Some authors and some books function in a powerful way by focusing our attention on the results which real thinking has achieved in the past as well as making a new appraisal of values for the present and future.

One could not turn the pages of "Our Altruistic Individualism" by Charles Elton Blanchard, M.D., without realizing that he has made a most comprehensive and critical study of the social order. While he modestly titles himself as an amateur philosopher, he has helped the rest of us, who incline now and then to philosophic reflection in our own amateur way. It is evident that he was inspired by an early and deep-rooted scholastic ambition. The results of his work in the maturity of his early sixties are most refreshing to the young as a prospect and the older as a retrospect. One feels that he has given the stray moments of forty years of active life to a course of thorough and systematic reading, searching for what he could feel was the truth. His reading observations cover a range from ancient Greece to the modern United States with comment on the thought of intervening centuries, covering a field of personal investigation through reading and analyzing philosophic thought of record. Aspirations to go to Germany to read philosophy in the original and win a Ph.D. degree reflect the sincerity of his quest.

After preparing a fascinating anthropology of civilization which reflects not only reading but presenting the thinkers of the world through his reading as human beings, he leads into a study that fascinates us all—a study of the United States of America. This brings us closer home to the problems of today. There are graphic historical sidelights which indicate a thorough acquaintance of American history and the current of public opinion

in the beginning days of the nation when the continental money was valued at two cents on the dollar. The close of the Civil War is given by Dr. Blanchard as the time when America emerged out of swaddling clothes which suggests a discussion of democracy in adolescence.

Threaded through his comment are pertinent quotations from distinguished

naturally suggests a discussion of Sovietism, with the query, "Are we on the eve of a changing world order?" through a collectivism that seems to menace the prized individualism of modern civilization.

Replete with quotations extending from Plato to Einstein, he has made a study of varied phases of government and brings his investigations down to date, for there are comments on Professor John Dewey's "Creative Intelligence" and Will Durant's "History of Philosophy."

An extensive quotation and comment marks his final conclusions:

We need now constructive efforts, more altruism, more willingness on the part of wealth to make sacrifices and surrender. Efforts to insure steady employment already mentioned is one of the good signs. Wealth must now bear taxation that seems almost confiscatory. This is already far along in England, where people of wealth are squirming desperately under heavy taxation.

Never before in human history have men in office faced such responsibilities. Some of these realize it and are almost crushed and broken by the struggle to function well for the commonweal. Never before have we needed politicians—real statesmen, rather—with social vision as we need them now, not even during that Pre-Civil War struggle against slavery and disunion.

The facts revealed in this essay should give us a new conception of this Machine Age. Those who own the machines cannot go along further and blindly, gathering in huge profits, dispensing million dollar bonuses, "cutting melons" and shearing the fleeces off the lambs. If they have an ear on the ground they will hear the cry of the many begging for work that children may have bread. Discontent rumbles through the land like a tremble of an earthquake. If it is not stilled by wise legislation, and by steady employment, it will rise with power and shake to pieces the civilization we thought was good!

The tide of social evolution was held back in Russia by an oppressive Czarism, and the upheaval there has shaken the whole world.

If another repressive order of great wealth hinders our own advance it will fall in some similar manner. No dam can be built by human hands to hold waters from its natural flow unlimited. No human society can hinder forever the children of earth from having their own.

The wind is blowing off the ice fields of yesterday, and the action patterns of the Glacial Period are still with us. Men in seats of power, financial or political, have before



Dr. Charles Elton Blanchard

authors and comments from those eminent in the activities of their time. In his study of the social meaning of American genius and feminism he moves swiftly on to a contemplation of the age of the almighty dollar which has evoked sarcastic comment by George Bernard Shaw, pleading for a radical change of civilization if we are to be saved from a wreck. This

Memories of Thomas Alva Edison

Light turned out as a silent tribute to the creator of the Incandescent Lamp and other inventions that made Edison an outstanding figure in the history of the world — Sidelights on the career of the wizard who understood humanity and its needs.

LIGHTS were turned out in millions of homes and public places, as a heartfelt tribute to the memory of Thomas Alva Edison at the hour of 10 p.m. on October 21st, fifty-two years after he held this incandescent lamp to the world. The historic candle has been supplanted by the light that has brightened all corners of the earth—and even gleams in the green of the coming Christmas trees that commemorate the stars that heralded the blue dawn at Bethlehem.

Few men in the history of modern times have been showered with the tributes that come with the name Thomas Alva Edison. Best of all he received a full mede of this praise while he yet lived in the flesh amongst us. The eulogies that appeared all over the world in every language and tongue are without a parallel.

Expressions concerning the name and memory of Edison are a blend of admiration and affection. A great inventor and scientist, he was above all a human being who understood human needs and necessities. As his life book closed after his long full years of activity, the pages were illumined with achievements equal to that of thousands of men. In the one human being known as Edison was an aggregate usefulness that has been allotted to few individuals to achieve in a span of life encompassed in four score and four years.

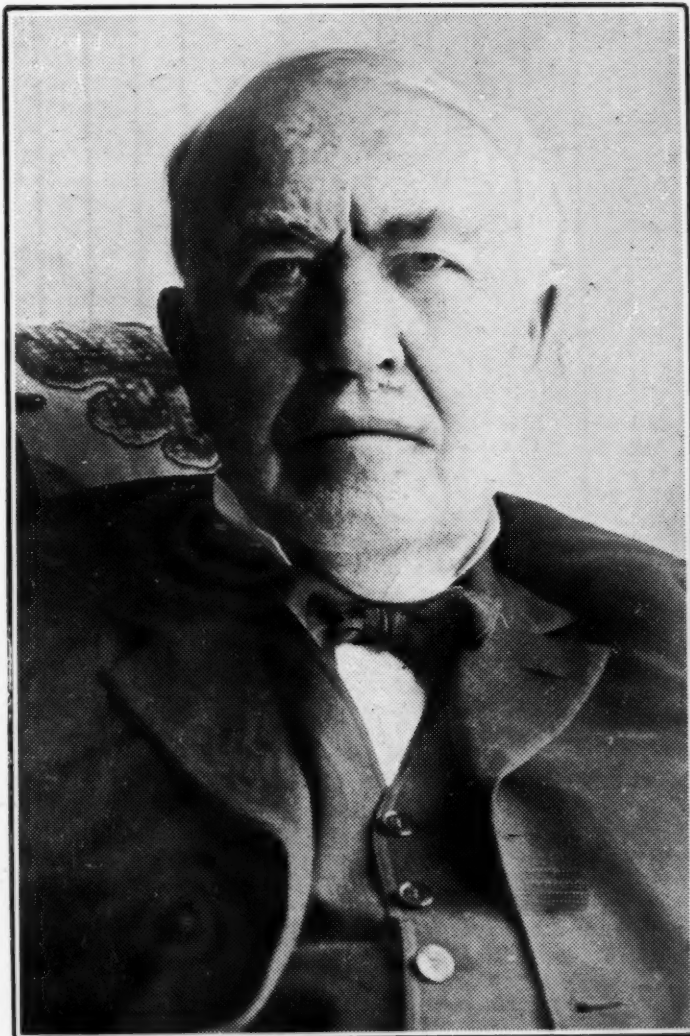
Among my prize possessions is a "Heart Songs" book which Mr. Edison used in making his selections of songs to be reproduced on the phonograph. Turning the pages he marked some "good," others "fair to middlin'," "tol'able," and some had a dash indication—"no good." In the selection of songs with cryptic annotations, one has a reflection of the heartfulness of the man. While his favorite song was "I'll take you Home—Again Kathleen," he stated that his selections were perhaps influenced by some romantic incidents associated with this love ballad. Later he declared that if he only had one hour of life left to listen to music, it would be Beethoven's "Eroica." The same was true in his choice of a favorite poem which further emphasized the simple and tender humanness of a great mind. I had made my request for his favorite poem in the long, somber shadows of the old library of the laboratory in Llewellyn Park which was later burned. As my eyes grew accustomed to the subdued light, I began to wonder. Was this a library, after all? What were all those instruments in alcoves and nooks? It must be part of the Wizard's workshop as well as a library.

A moment later I caught sight of a cot, tucked away in a corner. So this was one of the rooms where Edison lived, worked, slept, and worked again—for days on end—when his "campaigns" or investigations became so enthralling that he could spare no time to leave until results were obtained.

There was a cheery twinkle in his clear blue eyes when he told me the name of his favorite bit of poetry. Scratching his head, he replied promptly, "Evangeline."

"That's a long poem."

"Well, perhaps that's why I like it—the whole of it," he replied. "If I had to choose—well, I don't know just what



The late Thomas Alva Edison

verses I like the best. I like it all."

A little later he was quoting:

"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of angels."

"Whenever I've read that," the wizard continued, "it makes me think of my first boyhood sweetheart. It recalls the click of the gate that evening when I saw her last."

"There can be no poetry—for me—without romance," he said. "This blank-ety-blank verse never hits a heart throb. And 'Evangeline' is just one perfect love story. Perhaps that's why I like it so. There was a time when the real intelligence of an American family was tested by 'Have you 'Evangeline' in your house?' and there were fairies in those days."

Again he quoted from the poem:

"And as she looked around, she saw how Death the consoler

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever."

As a young newspaperman and magazine editor I always found him ready to give out information that would make a good story. Although very deaf, he seemed to have a keen sense of the essentials and non-essentials in conversation. In talking with him it was necessary almost to shout in his ear and this made his visitors feel that they had indeed come very close to the reality of a personality who was supposed to wear a halo of wizardry about him because of his miraculous inventions.

Years ago I met him in his laboratory, when he showed me some flakes of aluminum. "We are going to make a book with aluminum leaves," he said. It could contain the entire contents of thirty volumes of the Encyclopedia in one volume less than an inch thick. We will have to use something to save books made of paper that crumble to dust in a few years."

The objective was not only to economize space but to preserve permanent records and files of magazines and newspapers that neither moth nor rust nor time could destroy.

The unflinching sense of humor was ever reflected in the twinkles in his blue eyes. The first phonograph that he ever made echoed the words of the nursery rhyme. Pitched at that high and peculiar key of a deaf person, Edison's own voice repeated the first words ever reproduced in sound as he articulated the familiar "Mary had a little lamb."

In my world travels I have everywhere heard of the name of Edison. In Europe he was acclaimed long ago as the great American of his time. Evidence was presented on every hand in glowing electric light reflecting his genius in the form of the incandescent lamp which will shine on, like the eternal fires of Penates of ancient Rome, as the world-wide monument of Thomas A. Edison. It now gleams in darkest Africa, is continued as the light of Asia, and will ever be associated with the future of Europe, America and all continents of the earth. It was no less an authority than Einstein who declared the incandescent lamp was the most miraculous invention of all time. He answered

this query by pressing a button and turning on the light. Now he has passed on to the great Beyond to behold the light of another world. Thomas Edison fulfilled the great cosmic aspiration recorded in the opening chapter of Genesis in Holy Writ, "Let there be light and there was light."

The darkness passing into day through the light of Edison's genius has expanded the extent of human activity. In the routine moments of his busy life he utilized a large portion of the twenty-four hours in each day for the benefit and use of mankind. Often I have heard him say that the value of an invention is proportioned to the number of people who can use it. How fortunate that he lived to celebrate the golden anniversary of this epoch-making achievement and hear, even in his deafness, the sincere plaudits of his fellow men.

In the avalanche of biographies now being published none are more inspiring to youth of today than that of Thomas Alva Edison. Born in Ohio, a state that has given to the nation six presidents, he passed through the hard struggles in boyhood that early developed self-reliant manhood. Appropriately his first inspiration came from the magic of the moveable types, for he was an editor of an amateur paper at the age of twelve, which accounted for his ability to express himself in words in telling it to others. As a boy on the train selling newspapers he acquired the habit of co-ordinating information and observation as a process of intelligence. The picture of the little tousled-head lad selling his wares on the Grand Trunk train, pursuing an irresistible impulse to experiment and invent, foreshadowed his marvelous faculty of utilizing the stray moments. Often he declared "Genius is three-fourths perspiration and hard work, and one-fourth inspiration."

Frank and outspoken, he had a way of saying things that attracted attention. Whether it was a comment on education, or a baby carriage, it was all to the point and practical. I saw him broadcast at the microphone where he spoke with boyish enthusiasm in the eightieth year and commented, "Had my hair cut for this special occasion."

One great privilege of my life has been to make a pilgrimage to see Thomas Edison twice each year. I have seen him in the days after he had conducted a campaign in the laboratory in Menlo Park, for months at a time concentrating on some perplexing problem. Those associated with him were always encouraged with the assurance that anything was possible to achieve, if one could concentrate on it long enough—and keep balanced. Note the word—balanced. This was the outstanding feature of Edison's theory—he always kept his balance. Night after night, snatching a few moments' rest on a cot, taking a bite to eat now and then, unshaved, but unshaken in his faith, he continued on while others slumbered and reached the heights of success; but who is there who has recorded the many disappointments that never appalled him. The

records at the Patent Office chronicle even thousands of inventions emanating from the brain of Edison. The years of his activities mark the great impetus of invention in the United States that made the nation great and added much to the betterment of life in all countries for all time.

Almost every home or isolated habitation in every village, town and city throughout the world where the electric light illuminates the night has a living monument of Thomas Edison.

In his play days in Florida he continued work with a relentless purpose. The last time I saw him in Florida he was in the midst of thousands of bunches of withered plants gathered from far and near, searching for a new source of rubber supply. Oftentimes he would drop work on one invention and pass to another as a matter of recreation. I have seen him scrawl a few marks on the back of a piece of paper with a lead pencil that contained an idea that involved hours of work for the draftsmen with blueprints. A mind scintillating with new ideas rather than detail, was reinforced with an unerring instinct that led him to gather together from all parts of the world the right materials and elements necessary for pursuing investigations to the nth degree.

During the World War the resources of his genius under high pressure were given to his country and won for him the highest official honors Congress and the Federal Government could give any citizen. Secretary Daniels wanted him made an admiral in recognition of his services to the navy alone—but this was only a part of his work.

In his busy years he was especially interested in the education of young people. This was only a natural consequence of his lifelong habit of teaching those who worked with him. Many of the great inventors of modern times and leaders in electrical development and large industrial operations insist that their first ambitions were inspired by the kindly smile and enheartening words of Edison the leader. Ever watchful of the incidental things of life, he often found solutions in simple processes that had been often overlooked in the pursuit of practical results.

A collection of the tributes to Thomas Edison would fill thousands of large scrap books and constitute a great library in itself, of contemporaneous progress of his time. It has never been difficult to talk or write about Edison, because he was understood by all the people. The scientist and savant, the learned and unlearned, rich and poor, all seemed to have an appreciation and comprehension of the word "Edison" referring to the great soul that has passed on. Out of his incandescent lamp invention came the spark that ignited the gasoline engine, made the automobile and airplane possible. Out of the infinite resources of his mind came the vision and the possibilities of motion pictures while he was conducting experiments for another purpose. The universality of the genius of Thomas Alva Edison is already a matter of history; the immortality of his fame and name is assured as long as light dispels the darkness.

Heralding the Historic Herald-Traveler

New Edifice and Plant dedicated devoted to the exclusive production of Boston's historic newspapers the Herald and the Traveler — President Hoover touched the button that started the presses in the new plant for another century run.

WHEN the incomparable modern newspaper plant of the Boston Herald and Traveler was set in motion by a touch of the electric button by President Hoover, the triumphal progress of the Fourth Estate since the days of Franklin in the United States was revealed impressively. In a new building, occupying the historic site of the old Boston Tavern, fitted in every detail for the purpose of producing a great paper under the best possible conditions, this new newspaper home marks a long step forward in modern industry.

The handsome building was opened and inspected September 11. A large gathering of distinguished visitors assembled to dedicate the new building and plant, including Mayor James M. Curley, of Boston, and Governor Ely of Massachusetts. Former Governor Channing H. Cox, now a director of the Herald-Traveler Corporation, gave a most appropriate response to the Mayor's greeting. There were other brief speeches at the luncheon. Appropriate music was provided by a group of boys from the Newsboys Foundation Harmonica Band. The host of the occasion was Mr. E. W. Preston,

history of Boston from the date they were first published. Many men eminent in the editorial profession have been associated with the Herald and the Traveler. Morning and evening they have day by day reflected the high points in the history of Boston for the past four score and five years, to say nothing of the twenty-one years which the Traveler traveled alone.

The dedication ceremonies were held in an environment altogether a blend of the practical and the artistic. The equipment down to the last screw was factory new; the furniture of steel and aluminum, eliminating all terror of fire. All operations are controlled by electricity. A central radio receiving station giving a choice of two programs connect ten loud speakers in the news room and other strategic points, where reception of news is transformed almost instantaneously into extra editions on the street.

The motif that prevails in the decorations is appropriately colonial. Large conference rooms and an auditorium seating over one thousand people provide for expansion. The familiar trademark of the newsboy used by the Herald-Traveler for many years is shown over the main doorway in artistic grill work. The total cost is given as \$3,500,000.

From the handsome white marble office to the most remote corner of this perfected newspaper home there is evident a study of efficiency and comfort, not only for the occupants of the building but for the visitor who may see at a glance the complete inside work associated with the making of a modern newspaper. The art department, engraving and financial rooms are all keyed to the modern pace. The high speed tickers are a magical focal point where telegraphic and radio reports of all phases of American activity are first received. The editorial, composing room and other departments are ventilated by air-conditioning system. The seventh floor representing the magic number is devoted entirely to the advertising department and the private office of E. W. Preston, the publisher. Here is where the sinews of war are gathered. Robert B. Choate, the alert and aggressive young managing editor of the Herald and Harold S. Wheeler of the Boston Traveler have attractive quarters in which to wield the blue pencil and make the assignments.

A visit to the building from roof to cellar enhances interest in reading the story of these two pre-eminent Boston newspapers reaching back in the case of the Traveler one hundred and six years.

With Sidney W. Winslow as president of the Boston-Herald Corporation, it is essen-

tially a young man's institution. Mr. Winslow, in his quiet, modest way, is an executive of dynamic force. Under his direction the United Shoe Machinery Building was constructed. The removal of this immense organization from the old quarters to the new was effected as if by magic under the personal leadership of the active president of the company. In the same way the transfer was made from the two old buildings



Sidney W. Winslow, President of the Boston Herald-Traveler

occupied by the Herald and Traveler. There was not a hitch in the publication of the many editions of the newspapers which cover a twenty-four hour period and continue three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. As president of the corporation Mr. Winslow co-operates with his associates in a way that makes them realize that they are not only responsible to their respective newspapers but to the public which these newspapers have so well and ably served through the eventful years of the swift-moving times of the century covered in the existence of the Boston Traveler and the four score and five years covered by the Boston Herald. The twain represent outstanding landmarks in the history of American newspapers in general and Boston in particular.

The greetings that have come from all parts of the country to the Herald-Traveler family on this occasion must have been gratifying to them. It was an occasion surcharged with the spirit of an old-fashioned neighborly "housewarming" that distinguished the completion of new homes in the good old days.

A feature of the establishment is the reference library, never closed, with a

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The new Boston Herald-Traveler Building

publisher and general manager, who introduced the distinguished speakers. Identified with the Herald management for many years, it was through the aggressive and able work of Mr. Preston that these newspapers have become an outstanding influence in New England.

The history of these papers is indeed the

Meeting the Problem for More Work

Chairman Walter S. Gifford of the President Hoover Commission opens the nation-wide campaign for more employment in a stirring presentation of the facts and points out how all may help.

UPPERMOST in the minds of the world today is the question of Employment. There is something hopeful in the fact that the word employment is now being used more generally than unemployment indicated a positive rather than negative state of mind. The work of the President's organization on Unemployment relief has made a most thorough survey into every section of the country. A survey map of the situation is a graphic revelation of American industrial productivity possibilities. The objective in view is to provide work and wages instead of giving out doles. This is more welcome to the average self-reliant American. Uncle Sam has done his part and now expects individual citizens of the country under the impetus and influence of the big October drive to see if it is not possible to add just another day's work right now to the aggregate necessary to keep the wolf from the door of American homes. Many are planning to anticipate improvements of the coming year and that may release some of the money in hiding. The startling revelation of how one widow recluse in New York had in her personal possession a half million dollars of currency in hiding, to say nothing of the \$1000 bills sewed in her skirt is only an amplified example of what is going on in the country in many individual cases. Everybody is holding on to the dollar in fear and trepidation and urging the other fellow to spend his dollar.

The continued effort by the President for the maintenance of a standard of living and wages that will keep the level of American life is one of the splendid purposes that constitutes a silver lining to the passing depression. Evidence accumulates every day that the conditions are improving slowly although almost imperceptibly but going in the right direction.

Radio has played its part in effecting a co-ordination of the citizenship of the country towards unified action. The address by Walter S. Gifford, chairman of the President's committee, in late September was a fitting prelude to the great drive planned in October.

In a cheery and hopeful voice, with the use of level-headed expressions characteristic of him as executive head of one of the largest business organizations in the world, he spoke of the situation in a colloquial way. It seemed as if he had even called up each individual citizen over the phone to talk matters over with him in a neighborly way. Free from pyrotechnic effects or loud-speaker persiflage, he put the question up to the little groups of American people all over the country, just as if he had dropped

in to talk it over with them in person. The address was altogether comprehensive and will be read with great interest, indicating how one great cycle of reactions in commercial progress is being met and handled. The text of Mr. Gifford's memorable address is here given in full as a matter of interesting record for reference in future years:



Walter S. Gifford

I would like your indulgence to go over with you some facts of the present situation. This is an emergency such as happens in this country so seldom that there is not and probably ought not to be a permanent organization to cope with it. It is a serious but temporary condition. It can be met most effectively by emergency measures, especially in this country where, in war or peace, we can count on the voluntary efforts of the mass of the people to respond to any major appeal of patriotism or humanity in any crisis.

All agree that what the unemployed want and should have is work. Employers have already, to an extraordinary degree, spread employment available in their own plants among their workers. Many have gone their limit. We of the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief are endeavoring to see if there is anything further along these lines that can be done. While a great many employees are working only part time, a high percentage of those gainfully employed are working full time, either on full wages and salaries or with reductions no greater than the decrease in the cost of living. They constitute a most important part of the buying public and are a main source of work. They can, if they will, repair their houses, improve their places, give work or buy things which give work in manufacture. Business, whether big or little, can spread out its available work so as to make it go around to the greatest number and it

should, under present conditions, make special effort to sell its goods, but broadly speaking, it can't give additional work unless the consumer buys its products. If the public buys neither work nor goods it is the public that is indirectly discharging men. If the public wants work and goods it is the public that is hiring men. This depression will not be ended by a panacea. It is your depression and mine and when and how we get out of it lies in each person's power to some degree. Each must consult his own conscience as to whether his course in this emergency is helpful or not.

The unemployment relief problem with which this country is faced is a serious one. There have been various estimates of the total number of the unemployed. One of the most generally mentioned is 6,000,000. It and all the other figures are and must be estimates. In spite of the depression there have been many hundreds of thousands of people hired during the last year. Hundreds of thousands of others have been laid off. Hundreds of thousands of others have part-time jobs. In this constantly changing picture an accurate statement of the number of unemployed is impossible. And still more difficult is an exact knowledge of the number of unemployed who are in need. In some families one person is working instead of two. Some of the unemployed have resources they can fall back upon, some have not. Some have recently had jobs. Others have been out of work a long time.

But if we can not accurately measure the total job, it may be asked how are we to know how to meet it? The answer is that each city, town or county, can know its own problem accurately enough for practical purposes. And the large proportion of the communities in the United States not only do know their problem but likewise know how it is to be met—in fact most of them are at this minute energetically at work. These same places met the problem last winter; they have been meeting it all summer and they are organized to meet it this coming winter.

The larger cities have in general the worst unemployment problems. Happily they likewise have the most accumulated wealth with which to meet the emergency. There is every indication that these great centers can and will take care of themselves. It may be that there will be smaller communities and sections where conditions are so bad that they cannot care adequately for their unemployed, but the number is not likely to be large compared to the resources of the county or state in which they are situated.

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is set up to help all agencies, local, state and national, concerned with unemployment relief activities. It is not raising a national fund or a fund of any character. Communities throughout the country are already perfecting their plans for funds, whether public or private, to meet their own needs. These funds will be administered and distributed where they are raised.

The great majority of these local campaigns for funds will occur during the five weeks, beginning October 19 and ending November 25. For these campaigns we shall furnish a national background with the aid and generous co-operation of the press, periodicals, the nation-wide broadcasting systems, the motion picture industry and the theaters. The use of these various facilities will be extended to nationally known figures and speakers.

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An Honored Citizen of Hoosierdom

The inspiring career of William Fortune of Indianapolis who has achieved much for his City, State and the Nation in volunteer public service - The Indianapolis Plan a proved and practical method of meeting the times of depression.

HERE I was in Indianapolis, capital of the Hoosier State, long famous for its impressive Soldiers' Monument. This was a reminder of the G. A. R. and the soldiers of the Civil War. The national headquarters of the American Legion of the World War are located on the new Plaza. The names of over a million members are here recorded, supporting the activities of an organization that has succeeded the Grand Army as a power and an influence for patriotism.

This inland city is located near the center of one hundred and twenty million population of the United States, and marks the geographical center of the Hoosier State, where have lived many men of renown in public life, industrial activities and literary pursuits. As one of the pivotal states in presidential elections, it has played a prominent part in providing presidential and vice-presidential candidates for both political parties—the battleground on which great national issues have been fought with ballots. At the crossways of the emigration from the east to the west and north to the south, the Hoosier State has developed distinctive and self-reliant American citizenship, inspired by pioneer leaders who have been leaders in the affairs of the nation.

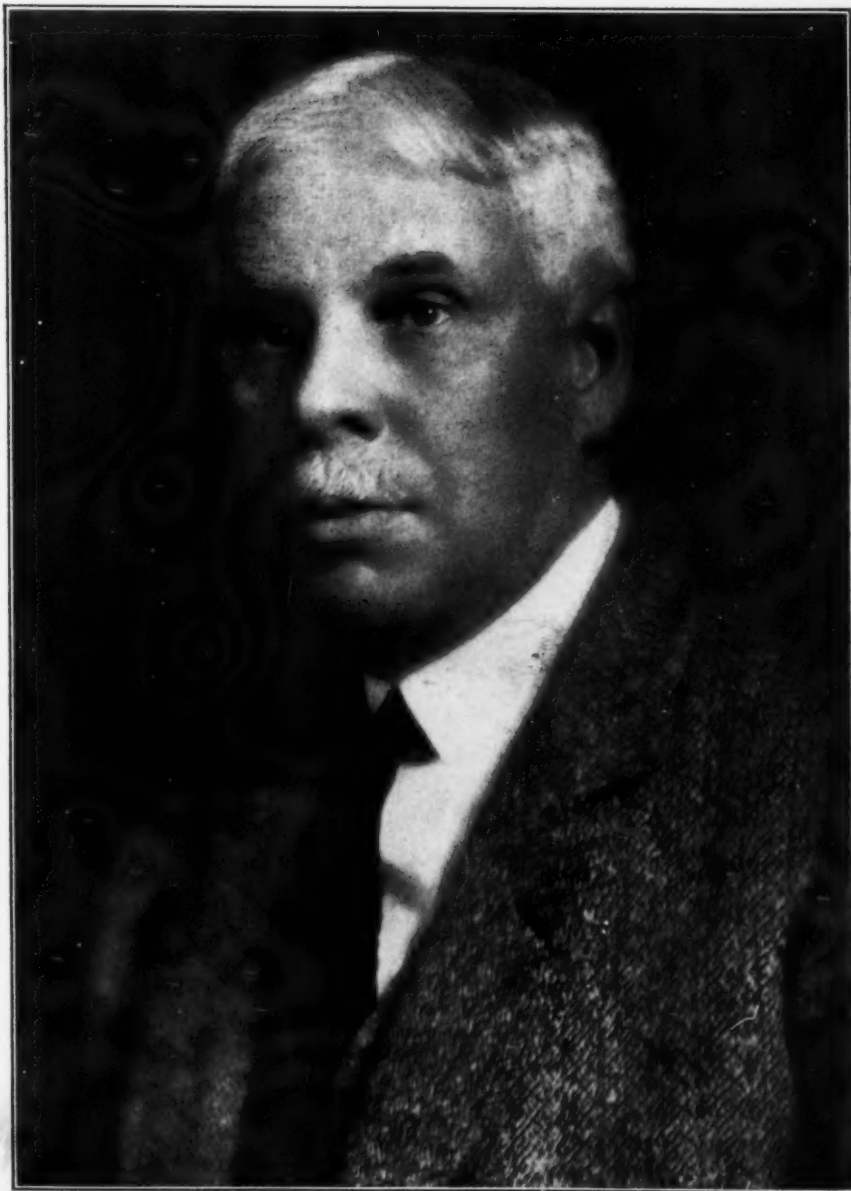
The mid-west literary development is associated with the names of James Whitcomb Riley on Lockerbie Street, General Lew Wallace, Meredith Nicholson, Kin Hubbard, Booth Tarkington, George Ade and a host of others who won a place in the Hall of Fame with their pens as their soldier leaders did with the sword.

Indiana folks have had a way of working together on big projects, no matter how much they may disagree on details and methods. Achievement means self-reliant activity and individuality in Indiana. The memory of men who have won prominence is a common heritage to the sons and daughters of Indiana who are carrying on even beyond the dreams of the frontier founders of the Hoosier empire on the banks of the Wabash.

This is a story about another Hoosier who has excelled in his field. It is not as a literary star that he shines in the galaxy of great men produced by Indiana. Nor was it as a military leader that he won renown. Yet he has fought a valiant fight in peace-time and in war-time, in fair weather and foul, for the uplift and betterment of his neighbor. It is of a man who has given a life-time of unusual talents for leadership to the cause of humanity that this is written. William Fortune is his name.

As a young man William Fortune, born at Boonville, Warrick County, came in personal contact with the men who were then putting Indianapolis and Indiana on the map. After a scant country schooling William Fortune became the devil of the Boonville "Standard" print shop at the age of thirteen. Within four years he had written a "History" of his native county and accounted a full-fledged editor

at seventeen. At this impressionable age he made a pilgrimage to Spencer County, interviewing all the people who had known Abraham Lincoln when he lived there during the formative years of his life. Chatting with everyone who in any way recalled the Lincoln family, as "a chiel amang ye taken notes" he has contributed much of vital importance to the Lincolniana in tracing back to original source



William Fortune

the strong lifelong impulse that crystallized in the career of Abraham Lincoln during his residence in the Hoosier State. It was in this frontier environment that Nancy Hanks, the mother of Lincoln, lived close to a son, later destined to become famous. There is some justice in the Hoosier claim that the influences upon Lincoln in this Indiana home from the age of nine to twenty had much to do in shaping the career of the immortal Emancipator. The success of this pilgrimage with General James C. Veach encouraged young William Fortune to go to Indianapolis and try his pencil on the "Journal". He not only secured the job—but held it. Four years later he succeeded Harry New, later Senator from Indiana and Postmaster General, as city editor. At that time he was doing special work for the New York, Chicago and Eastern papers that attracted nation-wide attention during the Harrison presidential campaign of 1888. Winning his spurs as a political writer only spurred him on with an ambition to own a newspaper.

After publishing the Indianapolis Press for some time, he was called to do editorial work on the Indianapolis "News" under John H. Holliday, the founder of the paper.

Throughout his newspaper days he had given evidence of a strong belief that newspapers should be crusaders for the public welfare. So great was his passion for this that Harry New affectionately had named him "Pro Bono Publico." In his service with the Indianapolis *News* he had opportunity to attack a fundamental fault of his community, the ultra-conservatism of its leaders that had prevented it from moving forward as other American cities then were doing. His ably directed campaign resulted in organization of the Indianapolis Commercial Club and with its efforts for community improvement came a new era for Indianapolis. Having conceived the vision of what might be done, he was given the task of directing it.

A thousand active members were recruited and as executive officer of the club and secretary, with Colonel Eli Lilly as president, William Fortune began his real life work. Under the leadership of this organization a new era of development in the city was begun. Young Fortune even organized a Street Paving Exposition to show the people at home how it could be done and began his long fight for the elimination of grade crossings against determined opposition which marked a real triumph to his persistence. Shortly before the beginning of the World War his efforts were crowned with success in a program of downtown elevation involving the expenditure of ten million dollars which remains a monument to the efficient public service of William Fortune.

The records reveal him as a pioneer in the organized effort of city bureaus to secure conventions as a part of the municipal program. His success in handling the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1893, accounted the most successful encampment in the history of that organization at its zenith, bringing more than three hundred thousand visitors to

Indianapolis, lead to stimulating the convention-idea as a part of the budget of American cities. Able to turn back a large part of the appropriation and contributions he had raised for this convention, he established the initial permanent convention bureau of Indianapolis. Naturally this made him a leader in the Indiana Good Roads Movement as far back as 1892 and his establishment of the Municipal Engineering Magazine of which he continued as owner until 1912.

As the executive head of nine independent telephone companies in Indiana, he had much to do in the reorganization of the co-ordination of the service that involved savings estimated at more than twelve million dollars and introduced the automatic telephone service in Indianapolis in 1917.

In 1894 Mr. Fortune was one of the committee with Colonel Eli Lilly and H. H. Hanna that administered a plan of relief so effectively that it is known to this day as the "Indianapolis Plan of Relief for Unemployed" and utilized by those studying the situation thirty-seven years later in all parts of the country. It saved the unemployed from pauperizing influences and many years ago evolved a plan of pushing the work in public improvements in dull times to provide employment. A life-long study of these problems in Europe as well as the cities of America was made by William Fortune, an authority in this all-important problem.

In taking the chairmanship of the Indianapolis Chapter of the Red Cross in 1916, Mr. Fortune may not have realized that he was taking up a life work, for he has been continuously at it ever since. With his office in the American Legion national headquarters building on the Plaza, right on the firing line of civic activities, he continues helping and directing work from the vantage point of long experience.

During the World War he mobilized Indianapolis for service and raised \$200,000 of the quota of \$365,000 at a single dinner preliminary to the public campaign, and oversubscribed the amount requested by nearly a half million dollars. One hundred thousand members responded to his second roll call.

As president of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Fortune continued raising war funds of every description, and soon had a War Chest of three million dollars for the support of local charities with four thousand active workers enrolled. Under his direction a law was enacted creating a Community Welfare Board as an executive department of the city of Indianapolis, of which he has been chairman since 1919.

Six years later, following the greatest tornado disaster in the history of the middle west, he was a member of the committee of three that directed the relief efforts of the American Red Cross. This was the first great disaster in the central part of the country, in which the Red Cross was called upon to give relief. A fund of more than \$3,000,000 was administered with dispatch and efficiency.

After serving as chairman of the Na-

tional Convention of the Red Cross in 1926 and honorary representative of the Red Cross at the American Legion convention in 1927, he was elected to life membership on the general board of incorporators of the national organization.

His interest in the welfare of veterans of the world war, expressed by his Red Cross leadership so many times, was climaxed late in 1930 when he bought outright and deeded to the federal government the site for a U. S. Veterans' Hospital to serve Indiana world war veterans. The site, consisting of thirty acres in the center of the city's largest and most beautiful park, overlooking the entire city, has been described by Veterans' Bureau officials as the best of any veterans' hospitals in the country.

In 1923 he was called to lead a movement through the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce for economy in local public expenditure and lower taxation. So well was the movement organized and so successfully has it been directed, that it has been held before other business men's groups throughout the country as a model at a time when the need for attention to this problem was being impressed upon them as never before. In eight years of effort, many millions of dollars of projected taxes have been saved. Mr. Fortune was made, because of his leadership of this movement, a member of the committee on taxation of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and chairman of its sub-committee on state and local taxation, later serving as a member of the general committee on state and local taxation created to direct the activities of the U. S. Chamber in this movement.

Honors have come to him fast in these later days, for he was chosen president of the American Peace Society, to succeed the late Senator Burton in 1928. This is the oldest national organization in the peace movement in the country, to which he has brought a wealth of experience in sane directive work.

A life member of the American Historical Association and the Indiana Historical Society, he was made the leader of a movement to honor the memory of George Rogers Clark, who by his valiant capture of Fort Sackville from the British, won the Revolution in the west and saved the territory northwest of the Ohio river from the new union of states. He continued at the head of this movement until it was certain of success through joint action of the state and federal governments to erect a national memorial to Clark at Vincennes, Ind., the scene of his great victory.

Serving with James Whitcomb Riley on the staff of the Indianapolis Journal in early manhood, he continued a close intimate friend of the board of Lockerbie Street all through his life and had charge of the notable national dinner given to Riley at the height of his fame. In 1920 Mr. Fortune purchased Riley's old home, in order to preserve it until it could be taken over for permanent maintenance by the Riley Memorial Association.

Few citizens of Indiana have been given higher tributes of appreciation from the home folks, but the words of Meredith Nicholson, the novelist, tell the story in a most eloquent neighborly fashion:

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Celebrating the Armistice Day of Yorktown

The Pageant and sesquicentennial commemorative of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to George Washington in 1781 in the presence of President Hoover and descendants of foreign allies who helped to create the Republic, the most spectacular of its kind ever held.

OCTOBER 1931 witnessed the most colorful and impressive historical pageants of the century in the country whose beginnings its commemorates. The scheduled date, October nineteenth, marks in the calendar the anniversary of the Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia, celebrating the cessation of hostilities that created the United States of America. Historically, this scene stands out in all the blended glory of a victory and a defeat that indicated the onward march of peace-pacts.

All eyes were on Yorktown on the morning of October seventeenth, when Honorable Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, and Gen. John J. Pershing, representing the United States Army, made presentation of Marshal Henri Petain of France. With massed bands and a choir of a thousand voices, Honorable Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War, and Admiral Cluverius conducted the impressive presentation of the descendants of Lafayette, Rochambeau, Comte de Grasse, Baron Von Steuben, Count Pulaski and other officers of the Revolution, a gathering of the allies in the new world in 1781.

Altogether it was a most vivid and realistic moving picture of modern times, presented on the actual location, with actors in whose veins flows the blood of those who participated in the stirring scenes that effected the birth of a nation. One could almost vision the spectacle one hundred and fifty years ago when General Washington, serene and kindly, courteously received the sword of Cornwallis, surrounded by his soldiers in buff and blue. Again spectators viewed a scene of color, in scarlet and buff and blue as regiment after regiment from the states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia, the thirteen original colonies, marched by in the same distinctive uniforms worn by the Continentals with the veteran English army in brilliant



Troops and Citizens in Colorful Pageantry

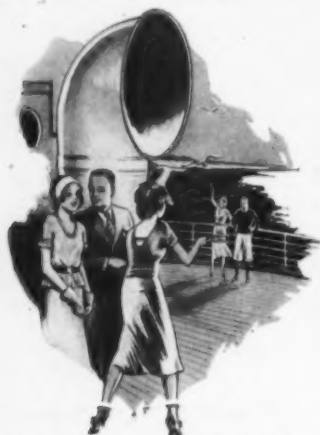
Nelson House, Yorktown Headquarters of Lord Cornwallis during the siege, still stands

Virginian scenes as in pre-revolutionary days

red coats. The pageant depicting stirring events of the final siege was one of the most elaborate ever produced under the brilliance of smiling Virginia skies. Outside, peacefully anchored in the waters of the harbor, were mobilized a fleet of fifty battleships, cruisers and destroyers, including the rehabilitated frigate "Constitution." All this suggested the flotilla of French battleships that were there a century and a half ago under the French Admiral Rochambeau, ready to bombard it, and playing a prominent part in the finale of a completed victory at Yorktown. In 1931 the modern French battle cruiser "Marshal Foch" with its famous naval band heralded the great military and naval tattoo on Saturday afternoon, October Nineteenth, at the exact time of the day when the impressive ceremonies of the surrender occurred one hundred and fifty years ago. In the air above squadrons of aeroplanes, including the dirigible "Los Angeles" were seen. It presented a spectacle of a character that provides a comprehensive glimpse of history in the past sesquicentenary. On Sunday, October 18th, services appropriate to the day were dedicated to "God and the nation." Soldiers and sailors wearing the uniforms of Washington and Paul Jones raised a replica of the United States flag used in 1781, just as it was unfurled when the British flag was lowered, acknowledging that the victory of independence had been won by the ragged continentals. The identical calls were given on the same brass bugles, that sounded the reveille and called for halts on that historic day. Religious services of all creeds, concerts by massed bands, visitors inspecting the fleet in the harbor, made this Sunday a memory that will remain to those fortunate enough to be present at Yorktown bay on this memorable day.

The climax of the celebration occurred at Pageant Field on the morning of October nineteenth when the governors from the thirteen original states greeted the President of the United States, Hon. Herbert

Hoover who delivered the address of the occasion. The great chorus sang "America" as the visiting military companies, including commands of the Centennial Legion, Officers and men of the French fleet and the American army and navy, passed in



Under the eye of the funnel

this historic review. The gorgeous pageant depicting in detail the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis followed the parade, bringing to a close an anniversary celebration that was marked with the traditional hospitality of the home state of Virginia—the home of presidents.

While great throngs of visitors came by land, by sea and by air, using every sort of method of transportation known since the days of Cornwallis—on foot, horseback, coach and four, by sailboat, automobile, and airplane, the New England and New York delegation aboard the good ship *Evangeline* of the Eastern Steamship Company, enjoyed every hour in this festive setting. In the largest ocean liner to touch at Yorktown that day, the party aboard enjoyed the first cruise of this kind that has ever been made under the direction of the Eastern Steamship Company. For five glorious days they lived aboard the good ship *Evangeline* and enjoyed a "close-up" of every detail of this great celebration from the start to the finish. Leaving New York at noon on October sixteenth they arrived in Yorktown at eight o'clock in the morning, anchoring midstream—ready to enjoy not only the celebration at Yorktown, but visit the historic environment including Williamsburg, Jamestown Island and other places so familiar to even the most casual students of American history.

To the stirring strains of fife and drum as an overture, blending with the great waves of sound coming from mobilized bands and a great chorus of singers, the United States of America celebrated a Revolutionary wartime victory in all the mellowed amities of peace pact days. There was a studied effort on the part of those preparing the program to avoid anything that would suggest the least remembrance of enmity between the Mother Country and her stalwart offspring. The curious paradox is presented of the representatives and people of the British Empire joining in the sincere spirit of friendliness and comradeship in commemorating an event that, while it records a defeat at arms, has crystallized into a victorious triumph of national neigh-

borliness. This is exemplified in the fact that a frontier of four thousand miles between the possessions of the two nations on the North American continent is without a fort or a fortification. There is an aspect in the Yorktown celebration that augurs well for the future relations between the British Empire and the sons and daughters of a country created by the Anglo-Saxon spirit for liberty and independence that began with the Magna Charta. It foreshadows an understanding and peaceful relationship that will continue as long as the flags that were unfurled at Yorktown in victory or defeat, endure as emblems of a national unity.

The address by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, at Yorktown, Virginia, October 16, 1931 on the dedication of the Colonial National Monument is as follows:

"Independence is the most important word in the whole of our national history. Independence really began for the United States on this soil which is now the Colonial National Monument. To declare independence is one thing, to achieve it is another. Here it was actually achieved.



"Marching on" as of old

"It has taken our people many years to turn to these precious areas with affectionate interest in protecting them and in preserving them for the future. Much of our historical heritage has been dissipated. As a Nation we have been so preoccupied in the mastery of a great continental expanse and in working out our political destiny, that we have neglected the land marks along the Atlantic seaboard, where we had our beginnings. The story of the growth and success of the original thirteen colonies throughout more than a century was eclipsed by the romance of an ever extending western frontier. Yet in that colonial period the basis was laid for the Revolutionary War, for independence, and for the United States as we now know it.

"It is easy for us to try to draw a contrast between the years 1800 and 1900, and think of the changes that took place in that permanent English settlement until the century, but in the 174 years from the first end of the Revolutionary War, the human forces were created which made us a Nation. Although there has been a steady migration to our shores throughout the

years of our history, we have fortunately not escaped from the influences of the colonial period. So dramatic was the Declaration of Independence, the Revolutionary War, and the incidents in our history following that great event that we have largely lost sight of the people in the colonies whose struggles and growth made possible a great nation.

"It was not until 1876, that our Nation, matured in a civil war which led to unity, was ready to think in terms of national history. In that year we celebrated the centennial of the Declaration of Independence, then came centennials of successive revolutionary events which reawakened popular interest in early American history. These were brought to a close with the great Yorktown Celebration in 1881.

"As we stand here looking out over the countryside that was familiar to Washington, Lafayette and Rochambeau, and over which the allied army closed in on the unfortunate Cornwallis, we cannot help but turn back in our memories to those events that thrill every American and that took place here in that memorable October of 1781.

"Yorktown marks the end of one era and the beginning of another. British authority having passed, the colonial period in our history ended. The mother country had guided and protected the colonies through many difficult and trying events. She can not be blamed for a period of misunderstanding, when selfish interests were in the saddle and when unsympathetic councillors did not appreciate the need of conserving the welfare of Englishmen in America as well as at home. The American Revolution was one phase in that long struggle of obstinate, brave Englishmen to secure what they conceived to be their rights as men and as citizens.

"Virginia has cherished these sacred memorials with their stimulating associations and she may well feel that 'what is here within this area is also a national inheritance, a national trust and a national responsibility.' I count it rare good fortune to stand here as Secretary of the Interior to declare Jamestown Island, parts of the City of Williamsburg, Yorktown



Deck games on S. S. "Evangeline"

Battlefield and Gloucester Point as the Colonial National Monument in Virginia. May these choice spots ever remain the cherished treasures of a free, wholesome, self-governing people, proud of its early origins and of the vision, steadfastness and valor of our first leaders,

Some Stars Still Shining on the Screen

A glimpse of eight of the motion picture favorites who still bask in the electric lights as popular favorites in the stellar world revealed on the silver screen

S EVEN stars appear in the movie firmament at this time who continue to rivet popular interest. The ellipses come and go on the silver screen. Well-known names of today are forgotten in the swift-moving tomorrow. Five years is the average span of popularity allotted to the average movie star. But there are some who have an "extension of time", as they say in Congress, and continue merrily on the electric signs, like Tennyson's brook, without a suggestion of closing their mortal fame in picturedom while there is life. Strange it is the moment the dark curtain falls they are finished on the screen, for the public seems to have an aversion to looking upon an actor or actress who has passed beyond. Some of them insist that it is like looking upon the face of a friend at a funeral or recalling some ghastly scenes at a morgue where a peaceful face and even a sweet smiling face in death only deepens the gloom of the tragedy that leads to this sad denouement.

Among the veterans of the screen who although young in years, he has made the record worthy of the long career is Richard Barthelmess. At first his very name was considered a handicap but the charm of youth and opportunity opened wide the doors for the yankee lad who felt the lure of motion pictures early in life. Chance played her part in his career when a film company utilized a location near a small city where he had begun a business career. He was drawn as if by a magnet to the spot where the camera was grinding with the hope that he might some day have an opportunity as an extra on the lot and receive five dollars a day.

When he was two years of age, his father died. Faced with the problem of supporting herself and her small son, his mother turned to the stage and became a noted character actress. When she was on tour, Dick was sent to a military school, and after that entered Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. On vacations, he occasionally played small roles in stock with his mother. At college he took a prominent part in theatricals. On graduating, however, he turned to business, but with the results stated.

His screen career dates back to "War Brides"; but it was not until "Tol'able David", an Inspiration Picture, that he "hit his stride". This film was awarded the "Photoplay Magazine" medal in 1922. Barthelmess had, however, prior to that, attained great popularity through his work in D. W. Griffith's productions, his characterization in "Broken Blossoms" being especially notable. He also ap-

peared in "Classmates", "The Amateur Gentleman", "The White Black Sheep", "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come", "The Wheel of Chance", "Scarlet Seas", "Weary River", "Drag", "The Dawn Patrol", and the famous gangster picture "The Finger Points". Richard Barthelmess is of medium height, dark, well-built and with the clean cut features and square jaw of the typical American.

T HERE is a suggestion of the opera "Pinafore" in the popularity that followed in the wake of Robert Montgomery's first stellar role in the picture "Shipmates". In preparing for this picture he not only drew upon his exhilarating experiences as a sailor aboard the oil tanker "Caddo", but acquired a sea tan to go with his salty lingo and breezy gait. After his success in picture work he was the guest of Admiral MacNanee and shattered naval traditions. In a sailor's uniform he fulfilled the dreams of Ralph Rastaw, the lowly sailor who eloped with the captain's daughter. The marine guard were astonished to see him in a gobs' uniform walking the decks arms in arm with the Admiral, but such is the power of motion pictures. He has described his qualifications as a sea-faring man in a cheery interview that echoed the cadence of chanty song.

"I held my own with the crack six-inch gun crew; I went aloft in a bos'n's chair to paint the smokestack; I've swabbed and holystoned the deck; polished bright work; I can use a kiwi and soogee water; I can make a landing alongside the gangway with a motor sailer and I call the captain Old Man—just like the rest of the gobs do when he's not around."

Although born in Beacon, N. Y., Robert Montgomery began his career as a sailor aboard an oil tanker. Later going on the stage in New York he won wide recognition before entering films, where his rise to popularity has been an outstanding success. He played in "Inspiration" with Greta Garbo and in "Strangers May Kiss" with Norma Shearer. Dorothy Jordan plays opposite Montgomery in his initial stellar vehicle "Shipmates".

The expressed ambition of Robert Montgomery is to avoid falling into the rut of "type acting." Montgomery attained the top rung of the film ladder after two years in Hollywood. Signed for picture work following his appearance in several Broadway plays he scored heavily in "The Divorcee", "The Big House", "The Easiest Way." He is said to receive more fan mail than any other male star.

W ITH his wife having the reputation of the best dressed woman in Hollywood, Edmund Lowe is very much in vogue as the type of the perfectly dressed man in screendom. More than this he has found himself a growing popular favorite in his chosen art which is indigenous to his native state famed for its sun-kissed products.

Sun-kissed at birth, Edmund Lowe has been star-kissed ever since. Such is the happy fate of screendom's romantic hero, for he was born in golden California, the land of perpetual sunshine, and has basked in perpetual clover.

Rancher, grape grower, horticulturist, dog fancier, Edmund Lowe has plenty to occupy his time when his day's work—his labor of love—is over. He owns one thousand two hundred acres in the Santa Cruz mountains. In his vineyard are vines that came from Spain in 1870 and—a pack of hounds numbering fifty-seven, more than the numerical count of a pack of cards.

Lowe grew up in San Jose, graduated at Santa Clara University at the age of eighteen and taught there the next year—the youngest "prof" on the faculty.

Feeling the call of the dramatic he dropped his faculty job to develop his acting faculty. Arriving on Broadway he played there six years until pictures claimed him—and then acclaimed him. "What Price Glory" cemented his fame, and his career since then has been a succession of successes.

T HERE are some pictures that make such an impression in Washington that they are remembered more than forty days. When the "Tarnished Lady" appeared in the capitol city it was not the title that attracted but the high voltage of Tallulah Bankhead, who represented a screen "it" that was shockingly lagable and is discussed even to this day among the sedate solons, some of whom were colleagues of her distinguished southern forebears. Born in Huntsville, Alabama and given a name after Tallulah Falls in Georgia, she maintains the naturalness of the Nature she loves. Her father is Congressman William B. Bankhead, and her uncle Senator-elect John H. Bankhead; her grandfather was also a United States Senator from Alabama. Educated in convents and boarding schools in the South she moved to Washington and upset family traditions by winning a prize in a beauty contest. Playing in several Broadway successes she deserted the United States for England, where, for the past

eight years, she created commotion among the London theatre public.

Her husky voice, vibrant personality, large, languid eyes will make their bid for favor in the motion pictures in an effort to conquer a greater world of acclaim than even her brilliant London stage success has brought her.

She sets great store by the number "40" which, she pointed out, has significance in superstitions, traditions and laws! The early diluvial rains lasted forty days and forty nights; Jonah gave the inhabitants of Nineveh forty days in which to consider his prophecy and repent; and the children of Israel were forty years in the wilderness.

In her own career Miss Bankhead observes it took forty days to get started on the London stage; forty days to complete her first American picture, "Tarnished Lady"; she believes forty years a good age for a woman to quit participating in active work, and, playing golf, she carries out her fondness for the number by shouting "Forety".

FOR many years Marion Davies has held her popularity among women fans. Now she seems to possess some universal intuition and incarnations that attract feminine admiration that are distinct from the usual fascinations that win the admiration of the sterner sex. The secret is out, she loves bargain hunting which is the fad of the times and the inherent impulse of womankind of today as it has been ever since the instinct of providing for family needs first asserted itself in tribal relations. In explaining this dominant trait of the gentler sex, she says:

"I must confess I'm the world's greatest little shopper. I can't pass a department store window, even if it only has hardware in it. But I have never in my life had time enough to satisfy my appetite for looking for bargains and seeing what

is in the stores and shops. There isn't much thrill to have store buyers come out to the studio loaded with things they want you to buy. I don't care who the woman is—she wants to do her own shopping. It's just a feminine complex, I guess."

Brooklyn, the city of churches, claims the honor as the birthplace of Marion Davis. As one of the Follies girls of the glorified Ziegfeld chorus, her beauty won wide acclaim. Her debut in films shortly thereafter found her a star in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," while her latest pictures, "The Floradora Girl," "The Bachelor Father," "It's a Wise Child," and "Five and Ten" follow an extended repertoire.

To most people orchids are a luxury, but to Marion Davies they are a hobby. The noted screen comedienne raises the rare blooms herself, importing bulbs from abroad with which to stock her extensive nursery. Some of the rarer plants, now approaching maturity, are kept in her Santa Monica home. Most orchids, according to Miss Davies, require seven years to develop into blossoms, depending upon the variety, of which there are scores. Strange as it may seem, the star never wears any of the orchids she has grown.

Most motion picture stars harbor new ambitions when they decide to retire from active screen work, but Marion Davies has no such longings for more work.

"I would like to be able to wake up in the morning to the realization that I didn't actually have to do a single, solitary thing. You must remember that I have been working for a living since I've been fifteen years old.

"What I intend to do when my film career is ended is to catch up on sleep. I love to sleep in the mornings. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to wake up about seven o'clock in the morning, remember I don't have to go to the studio until afternoon and then go right back to sleep. It's a grand and glorious feeling."

THERE is a refreshing, finished mannerism in the acting of Clive Brook that won for him the reputation in pictures in six years that required sixteen for others to win. His appearance in the good old drama "East Lynne" gave this time honored old play a touch that suggested the atmosphere that old time as well as new readers of the story dream about in reading the book. Every action seemed suited to the situation and it was fortunate that he was brought from England and transplanted in the cast which included the charming Ann Harding. For he seemed to be ready made for this particular role. His acting appeals to the mellow maiden lady as well as the fast moving flapper.

Altogether Clive Brook has a piquant informality that makes him one of the most engaging film players on the screen. Men like him because he is one of them. A blend of the suave and the sharp-witted he never uses alibis. He prefers to work in the east rather than on the west coast because, the theatre for one thing has its headquarters in New York. Most of his social friends live in New York and he likes the stirring life of Gotham. Here he comes in contact with the "maddening throng."

He has a great faith in authors (famous authors of course) brought to the screen and hopes that some day the most famous of them will write a story to fit the Brook style of acting.

The military record of Clive Brook reveals that he entered the war as a private and was discharged as a major. That tells a story in itself of his favorite vocation. Before entering the movies he wrote short stories for English publications, but in spite of his success in the movies he still writes. He came to the United States six years ago to play in a single film and has never returned and may yet become a full-fledged American citizen.

An Honored Citizen of Hoosierdom

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"Those of you who know him as a good citizen, as a man who is always doing something of importance, who is unselfishly giving of his time, his energy and his brains to good causes and has done it all his life, think of him as a public character, a valuable citizen. But for a minute, I am going to talk of William Fortune in that day when I knew him first, away back yonder when he built his first home in Woodruff Place. It was my privilege to see the building of William Fortune's home, and what a sweet and beautiful spirit he brought to that labor! He had come up from the country and developed as a newspaper man; he worked hard and had ideas and was a valuable man to his newspaper and newspapers elsewhere that he served. And what a joy it was to know the beautiful wife, and the children that came to them in that home out there under the beeches, one of the sweetest homes it has ever been my privilege to know! And what lovely spirit pre-

sided over that home—her unflinching sympathy, her cheer and understanding meant so much, not only to Mr. Fortune and the dear children, but to all who were privileged to know this home!"

The late Senator Beveridge, at a dinner given in honor of the late H. P. Davison, wartime chairman of the Red Cross, paid the following tribute which was not only then unanimously agreed upon—but has continued in force to this time—more than corroborated by activities at the present time:

"I only state the consensus of his associates and of all our people when I declare that one man has done so much, so well, so unselfishly that his name leads all the rest. That man is William Fortune. To his large ability, sleepless energy and utter devotion is due the shining record that thrills with pride the heart of every citizen of Indianapolis."

Citizens of Indianapolis have often honored Mr. Fortune in expressing appreciation of his devotion to the public welfare. Most recently, the Kiwanis club of that city determined to award a star of service to

the citizen who was regarded as most distinguished for service to the community. Mr. Fortune was selected for the honor, and with the medal, the Kiwanis club on October 14th presented a long citation of his record of usefulness and an engraved testimonial which said:

TO WILLIAM FORTUNE

United in our conviction that your unselfish devotion to the interests of the community richly deserves the recognition of all citizens, and deeply appreciative of the distinguished services which you have rendered to the City of Indianapolis,

We the members of the
INDIANAPOLIS KIWANIS CLUB
gratefully and affectionately tender you this expression of our high regard and esteem

About the busiest day I ever had in my life was "seeing Indianapolis" with William Fortune. Everyone on the streets seemed to know him; he seemed to know

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An Old Love Tale of the Gulf Coast

Romance of the days when Casimir-Jacques lived and loved on the shores of the turquoise seas of the Gulf in old Louisiana amid the lilac mists

By ANNE BOZEMAN LYON

I

CASIMIR-JACQUES walked through the awesome pines; some massive and bronze of trunk, others slim and gray as he neared the coast. Since leaving Mon-louis Island on Mobile Bay he had made a wide sweep to reach Mississippi Sound, and was worn and spent. But whenever the way parted a black-gum thicket, or clump of bay trees, he cooled his feet in limpid rills; for the sand was hot, the palmetto sharper than daggers and the wire-grass rasped his flesh. In the open spaces, *sarracenia* grew in blotches of scintillant color that hurt his eyes.

He paused often, strengthening his lungs with the resinous odors. Once he ate of the loaf and drank from the flask of *boules** cordial in the bundle slung across his back; then went on till he reached Bayou Coq d'Inde †. Deep and cold, it flowed between broad marshes to the Sound. At its mouth he gazed seaward, then up and down the shore—finally he turned eastward round a bend where low, gnarled oaks dipped swaying moss into the water. A span of straight path, crowned with twisted trees, and he halted again. There between two slanting cedars that swept a lagoon, formed by the beach and an outlying marsh, a Cadjen hammered on a lugger. A girl sat near mending a net. Their house, faded to a pale drab, stood back from the beach.

"Where do you go, brother?" called the Cadjen in a voice rich with welcome.

His daughter looked up, surprised that anyone should break the quiet of their day. The dull Pompeian tint of the shrimp net fell over her faded blue frock.

"No farther, if there be room for me here," Casimir-Jacques flung his bundle on the ground.

The girl slipped her wooden needle through a broken mesh and said: "There's none between us and yonder—" she pointed toward the east beyond where Bayou Coquille split the land not far from them—"but up on Coq d'Inde live some gentlemen. Their adobe house is finer than ours; we've but one glass window, and that's in my room so I may see the water when I wake. Puf, it's dark and close in our cabane while it rains and we fasten the heavy shutters. In the winter-time, though, the scent of the nets on the wall and the pine fire is good." She tied a knot in the cord as she added, "Around Bayou la Batré and in the woods are more of our people—the Cadjens. We have company—yes."

"A mile west of Coq d'Inde," supplemented her father, "you'll find a cabin.

Its owner—I can't call his name, the English is too hard for my tongue—was drowned last summer. He had no kin in these parts, and, since it's believed he haunts the place, none will live in it. His old neighbors, Grélot and Baptiste, go round it whenever they drive to Bayou la Batré to hear mass and drink coffee with their friends."

"You can catch the good fish near there," the daughter further told Casimir-Jacques.

"Zélis is right," asserted the Cadjen. "But eat and sleep in my cabin tonight, ami. We haven't much—shrimp simmered in oil and garlic, and coffee so strong 'twill make your head whirl!"

Casimir-Jacques bowed. "Merci, I must go on."

Here the other informed him: "I am Ubalde Ouellette; and you?"

"Cisimir-Jacques—Baurrien is my last name," was the reply.

"How will you cross the Bayou?" Zélis asked.

"Coq d'Inde is still as milk."

"You'd swim?" The astonishment upon Ouellette's face was profound. "Me, I'd lend you my bateau, but she has a hole in her, the lugger is as you see."

Casimir-Jacques confirmed his former statement: "I can swim two miles in a high wind."

Ouellette had nothing to say to one so strong, though he scanned him with blue, wondering eyes. Zélis murmured a low adieu even while her glance begged him not to go. He was something from beyond the mystery of waving, sighing pines that, on one side, bound her world, and she would have listened to his talk of matters different, perhaps, to those of her daily life.

Casimir-Jacques accepted Ubalde's invitation to come when he could sit on the front gallery and drink coffee. He liked the Cadjen's kindly way, and he thought Zélis more beautiful than the wives of the American merchants in Mobile; for her hair was long and brown with yellowish lights, her eyes a bright, warm blue, and her skin as fair as the yucca blooms, that sprang from the guarding daggers of their foliage on each side of the gate.

II

The cabin was as its master left it when he went forth to catch the great silvery tarpon, and was drowned in the Gulf, south of Dauphin Island. His nets were on the wall; his gun stood in the corner, and his clothes lay in the cedar press. So—there being no one to claim the good

coats and breeches and cloak—Casimir-Jacques stayed. His nearest neighbors, who lived just across the short stream that cleft its way through the dead man's land, were glad he had come to drive off the ghost. Simple as their ancestors when expelled from Acadia, they thought if a creature had the bad manners to leave a haunting soul behind, why, his holding to him with the courage to seize it. Besides, the drowned man had been of the hated English-speaking race, and they would not have touched his belongings for many arpents of the richest land.

Nevertheless, cordial though Grélot and Baptiste were when they called, bringing baskets of scuppernongs and late figs, he said very little. He let them do most of the talking; they told him of their numerous progeny, the good and bad oyster seasons, the sweetly mysterious music that stole up from the depths of the Sound, and of the quaint pieces of pottery and implements found in the shell-banks along the shore.

With due formality he returned their call. He drank of their coffee and ate of their bread—to refuse would have been a bitter insult—and paid them many compliments upon the beauty and size of their children. Ere he departed he gave each of his hosts a noble red-fish, caught off the mouth of Bayou la Batré where the waters begin to deepen into a cobalt blue.

Always he went alone to the fishing, unless Grélot and Baptiste, self-invited, accompanied him. Once he voyaged with them across to Isle aux Herbes where terrapin and poules d'eaux sheltered; but he declined to partake of the supper which the comrades were to give that night.

After these amenities his intercourse with his neighbors was chiefly a word of greeting as they came in from fishing, or sat mending their nets on the front gallery of Grélot's house. And when the latter played the fiddle, and his children sang old airs of Canada and France, Casimir-Jacques would sit in his doorway listening until the tears gleamed on his thick lashes, and he bit hard on his lower lip to keep back a cry of grief.

III

One Sunday the clank of bells, as the cows trailed to the shore from their grazing beneath the pines, fell drearily upon his ears; the scent of milk oozing from overfull udders, mingling with the salty air, weighed on his lungs. The sound of Grélot's fiddle and the echo of young laughter deepened his depression. Stifled

* Boules.—A coarse wild grape.

† Coq d'Inde—Wild Turkey. The place is now called Coden.

for a breath of winds, untainted by odors of the land, he started for a row, but—it was not many minutes before he found himself nearing the mouth of Coq d'Inde. Against his own will, it seemed, the

great-grandmother's heavy gold beads. She was fine today, since Padre Genin, the parish priest of Mobile, accompanied by his assistant, had taken déjeuner with her father, then gone on to celebrate mass

"A wife then who grieves for you?" she persisted with a catch in her breath.
"Mam'zelle," he replied, "no one wakes me in the morning with the strong black coffee; no one mends my clothes and prays for me when I sail through Pass aux Huitres to the Big Reef to tong the fat oysters."

She sped to the house. Casimir-Jacques gleam of relief in her eyes, "It's bad to tell such a word to me."

"But why?"

"Because—"

"Zélis, Zélis, ma fille, come quick," her father called.

She sped to the house. Casimir-Jacques followed more slowly.

He paused on the threshold of a room, where in one corner stood a huge four-post bed, with great ruffled pillows and a blue and white damask counterpane. Through the open door he saw into the little kitchen. Ubalde Ouellette stooped over the fire; a covered skillet and saucepan were on the hearth; on the back gallery their guest could see a table set for supper. Its course linen was shaded by the swaying fans of ruby-tinted palma Christi.

"So, neighbor," cried Ouellette, as he espied Casimir-Jacques, "you come in good time, but Zélis has loitered. I promise you I thought she forgot my peppers. I eat fresh ones every night. For why? They keep the neuralgia from my head—I don't have it—no, yet it is as well to keep it from me. All the old ones say that; and who know better?"

Zélis protested, giving Casimir-Jacques no time to admit the wisdom of Ouellette's caution. "Father, I only stepped to the gate to look at the water when I saw—him."

"'Tis always like that; eh, friend? A fine fellow comes by, the old père is forgot, and the food goes to cinders in the pan!"

Casimir-Jacques smiled. Zélis twisted her lips and glanced at him with a coquettish drooping of her brown lashes. He was tall and handsome, his eyes so large and sorrowful that her heart stirred with pity. But she went, as she said, to fetch a bowl for the peppers.

She returned empty-handed. Ubalde shrugged his shoulders; she had put on a pair of snowy clocked stockings and little kid slippers tied with lute strings ribbon, crossed over the insteps and brought about her ankles. Somehow she could not bear that the stranger should see her with bare feet. Besides, her heavy copper-toed shoes were too coarse for her tucked frock.

"Where is the bowl, Zélis? You forgot that, hein?"

Then, as she did not answer, only hung her head and blushed, he brought forth a bottle of wine and bade his guest be seated. "France herself can give no better," he declared, placing it upon the table, "even though the grapes grew on my own arbors."

"For true, we have the biggest socos on the coast," affirmed Zélis.

She went to the cupboard, took down a small lustre bowl and poured the peppers



Between two standing cedars that swept a lagoon, formed by the beach and outlying marsh, a Cadjen hammered on a lugger. A girl sat near, mending a net

bateau headed for the lagoon where Ouellette's lugger, caulked and freshly painted, lay at anchor.

At that desolate spot Casimir-Jacques heard but the lapping of waves and piping of marsh hens, and saw vacuous-eyed blue heron mincing along the sand. In the west, as if leaping from the sparse growth of Pointe aux Pins, the sky was like the falling walls of a splendid, burning city.

Zélis, in a white frock, stood at her gate. A small basket, half-filled with scarlet bird's-eye peppers, was in her hand. Her feet, slim and tanned, were bare, though she wore her best jaconet gown and her

in the chapel at Bayou la Batré. She and Ouellette could not both go, because a new calf had hurt its leg, and some aromatic weed must be bound upon the wound every few hours.

"Comment ca va?" called Casimir-Jacques, as he paused under the cedars.

"Do you want my father?" She watched him spring ashore and fasten his boat to a twisted root.

"'Tis lonely at the cabane," was all he said.

"You have, perhaps, left your mother and sisters?"

"Moi, I have no kin," he sighed.

into it, then set it beside her father's plate.

Casimir-Jacques hesitated; he looked toward the lagoon where his bateau lay, then at the cool shadows of the palmar-Christi. The coffee was hot and fragrant, the fish crisp, and the file† Zélis sprinkled upon the jambalaya was strong with the scent of sassafras thickets in springtime. It was good to be there—the homely comfort and yellow wine were sweet to one as lonely as he, for the fisherman's cabin was stiller than death.

IV

Aroused by a deep roar, Casimir-Jacques muttered: "The surf beats hard on Dauphin Island tonight; there is a storm in the gulf."

The next morning the sky was richly blue, though uptown sea-cabbage floated in the clear depths of the tide. Some schooners, driven before a southeast breeze sought a safe harbor in Bayou la Batré. Yet all that day the sun shone white.

At dusk the sky darkened and swift gusts of rain chilled the air. Flocks of pigeons, too small to fly against a gale, hurried to the land. Above the drumming of waves, scream of gulls and swirl of tattered leaves, the surf boomed louder. But Casimir-Jacques sat smoking before a driftwood fire—a flurry of wind was no more to him than a toss of wine.

Nevertheless, he slept in his chair.

At daybreak he looked up. The leaden billows seemed leaping to the low, woolly sky. Matted seaweed was strwn high upon the shore, also huge logs and the fragments of his boat. Under the blurred pines the frightened cattle huddled.

He breathed quickly, drew his knitted jacket tight, and started toward Coq d'Inde. As he plunged eastward his neighbor, Grélot, called across the widening stream between their places:

"Come, go with Baptiste and me to the woods. My cousin lives back two miles—we'll be safe there."

"No, no," shouted Casimir-Jacques, "I've other things to do. Adieu," he called as Grélot turned toward his house. On the gallery were crowded his children, from the youngest in its mother's arms to the eldest, a tall handsome girl.

Baptiste and his breed, with uplifted skirts and rolled breeches, were wading to Grélot's to take the boats, secured to the back railing. Despite the tragic possibilities of lowering sky and tumbling waves the children called to one another as carelessly as if embarking upon the voyage of a balmy day to some surf-bound isle.

V

Zélis crouched before the fire in her own room. The light fell dimly through the one glazed window in the front wall; the others, heavily shuttered, were fastened tight. As she threw a pine-knot on the blaze she heard her name in a voice hoarser than a grosbec's cry.

"Zélis, Zélis, are you dead that you say

† File.—Powdered sassafras leaves.

nothing?" was hurled at her through the sough.

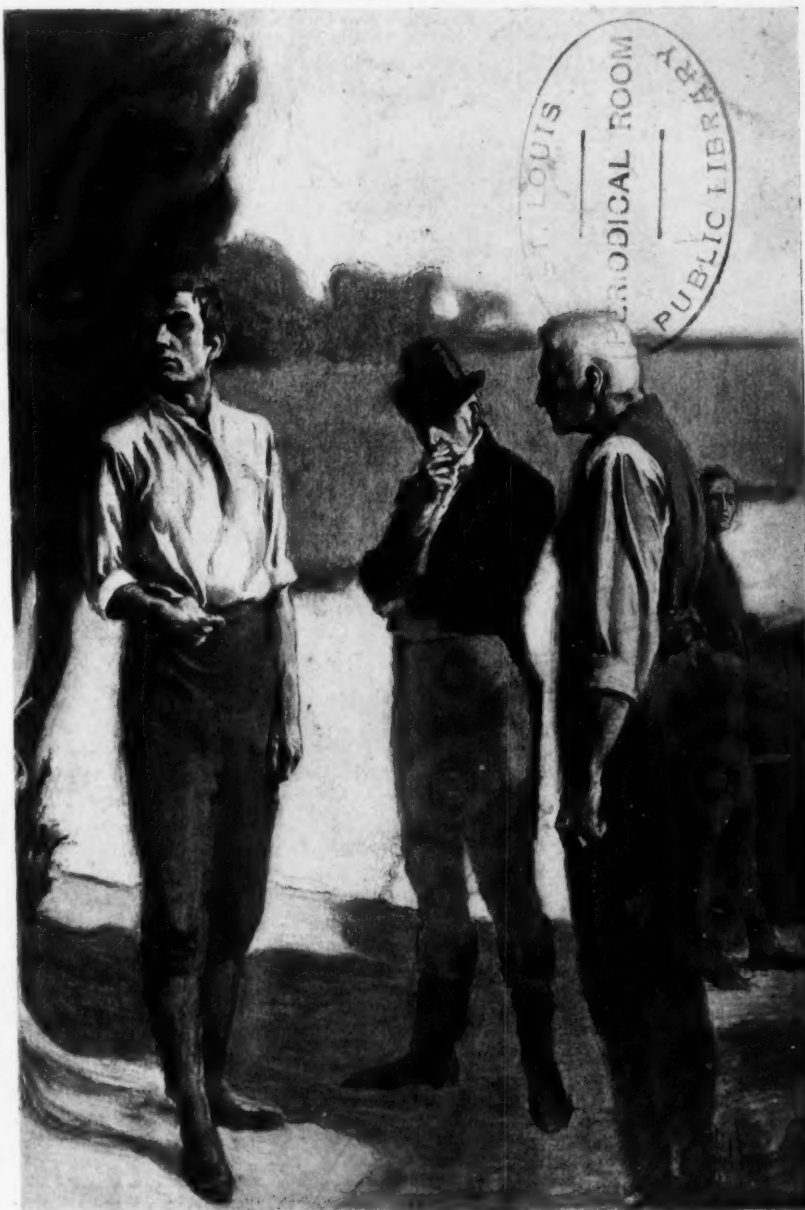
Flinging the door wide, she exclaimed: "Father, is it you?"

Casimir-Jacques entered the room. The

was heavy because of Ubalde Ouellette.

"How did you stand the long pull?" she questioned.

"My boat went to pieces last night. I swam across Coq d'Inde."



Slowly he turned and looked at the gray cabin, then followed the men toward the boat

firelight showed him pale and cold, his hair and garments soaked. "Where is Ubalde Ouellette?" he asked.

"He sailed to Cat Island yesterday—Tuesday."

Casimir-Jacques said nothing, merely looked at her as one gazes at a child whose mother has just died.

"He is safe, quite safe," she declared.

"Since you fear nothing for him give me clothes and coffee."

She pointed to her father's room. "The clothes are there."

When he was clad afresh she gave him food and drink. He ate slowly; his heart

"Dieu des dieux!" she threw up her hands in horror.

He bent toward her as he replied: "It's better to face the storm together than alone."

VI

The day wore on. The wind lulled to gusts. For a time the rain ceased, then rise and clutch at the house in fiercer fell in stinging showers; the waves ran higher, whirling their mists far inland; the clouds dropped close to sea and earth in thicker masses. Long strands of Spanish moss were torn from creaking bran-

ches to fall in curdled heaps on the gallery, and the riven pines scattered limp shreds about. A schooner, with splintered masts, wallowed where Ubalde's lugger was wont to anchor.

Once Casimir-Jacques turned from the glazed window and asked: "How deep is the piling of this house?"

"My father cut the biggest pines he could find. Seven feet down they go—the house is three feet above ground."

"That is good." He raised the window and, leaning out, strained his eyes to see whence the schooner veered—he feared it might be driven against the cabin. At last, with a sigh of relief, he drew down the sash; a mighty wave had lifted the battered hulk and left her stranded beyond the boundary of Ouellette's place.

A madder burst of wind and sea—the white-caps tumbled over the shattered fence and rolled into the yard. It grew darker. Finally, night fell upon the tumult.

"Zélis," he said, "go to the attic. Take food, a lantern and blankets. I'll come later with the furnace and charcoal."

Silently she gathered the various articles and toiled up and down the narrow stairs several times. At last she unhooked from a nail beneath her bénitier a little picture in colored crayons of her mother, dead since Zélis was a baby. Her eyes were dark and wide as she dipped her hand in the holy water and crossed herself, then, with face whiter than the merino camisole she wore over her frock, she went again to the long, low chamber under the roof.

He stepped out on the gallery to look seaward. Huge billows surged ghastly under the brooding sky; above their din swelled the pounding of surf against the south beach of Dauphin Island, and the moan of pines. Ten minutes later her watched the water dash nearer, ever nearer, until—with a gesture of despair he ran inside and brought forth an axe.

Springing down the steps he sped to a corner of the house. In frenzy he ripped off a plank at the floor-line, then another and another. Around the entire structure he hacked and hewed till a wide gap threw a swath of light over the heaving flood. His hands were blistered, but he worked on until there was full space for the water to flow through the rooms. His heart throbbed in his throat as he felt the icy tide beat against his knees.

Awestruck, he hurried in and crept to the loft. Beside the open window at the farthest end gleamed the lantern. Zélis sat on the floor, her arms rested on the sill, and her face was lifted to the cold, wet wind. Her hair, partly loose, streamed down the length of her blue colonade; its yellow light quenched by the dampness. Above her head, quite close to the window, she had hung the bénitier; the little coarsely colored portrait was beneath it.

"How goes it?" she asked.

"The saints," he answered evasively, "know better than any man."

"What made you trouble to let the water run through the house?"

"'Twas nothing." His deprecation of his heroic task stirred her heart so that

she laid her lips against his torn hand.

"I love you, me," she murmured.

"No, no," he cried, drawing away, "you must not do that."

"You have no wife," was all she said.

"It's not wise for a young girl to say such words to a man. He must tell that to her." A shiver ran down his body.

"But you don't say nothing," she sobbed.

Throwing his arms upward he exclaimed: "I don't say nothing? I can't bébe, I can't. Here," he struck his breast, "is something that keeps my tongue still."

Her eyes darkened. "Have you killed a man?"

"No creature lies dead because of me," he told her.

Relieved, she whispered so low that he scarcely heard her for the trumpeting of winds: "Then what is it?"

"Ask me not." Such sternness settled on his face that Zélis broke into piteous weeping.

In a short while he made a fire in the furnace, which he carried to the window at the other end of the attic. After the charcoal ignited he boiled milk and made a pot of chocolate, a dainty Ouellette had bought in Mobile for his daughter. Warming some black coffee for himself he persuaded Zélis to eat and drink.

Presently, with the comforted sensation of a newly-fed child she sank among her blankets and slept. Once he stretched forth his hand as if to touch her slim fingers, but sank back among the shadows. All night he kept watch beside the window, where the charcoal glowed like a bloodstone; he listened to the water gurgling through the house. Higher and higher it surged as it slapped against the sturdy walls. He feared destruction, yet they stood firm.

VII

Casimir-Jacques was clearing away the drift from the path between the house and the shattered fence; the gate had been swept down the beach with a mass of rubbish.

Zélis sat on the gallery. She looked for a sign of her father, for the storm had ceased two days ago and he had not come. "Is he dead?" she had asked so often that Casimir-Jacques' heart ached.

The afternoon waned. Blue shadows stole about the pines. Through the dappled marsh the incoming tide shone in rosy disks. Herds of cattle crowded shoreward, eager to drink from the shallow pools. The sky was a soft pink, the Sound a foam-touched stretch of olive brightened toward the west to aquamarine.

Casimir-Jacques, pausing to look at the wing-shaped clouds that floated over the low mass of Isle aux Herbes, espied a sail.

"See, Zélis," he said, "perhaps it brings news of your father."

"Where, where?" she cried excitedly.

He pointed to an incoming schooner, which was soon at anchor outside the lagoon.

When the skiff was brought to, Zélis saw her father drop into the stern. There was a crowding of men in the little craft and dipping of oars.

Casimir-Jacques stood still. His face grew cold; he shook like a beaten dog and wound his fingers together, then crossed himself and walked to the landing place under the twisted cedars.

"Father," called Zélis, "I thought death called you."

"The saints want no man when evil threatens his child." Ubalde's voice twanged like a tuneless fiddle.

Instinctively she drew nearer to Casimir-Jacques.

"Zélis, who was with you while it stormed?"

"No need to ask, Ouellette." Casimir-Jacques looked defiantly at the five grim faces behind Ubalde. "Since you saw fit to sail away when any child knew a storm was brewing I came to her."

The surliest of the men snarled: "Pray for the girl, brother, pray that she may be as when you left her."

"Natole Dufey, keep your tongue lest I be tempted to hurt you." Casimir-Jacques swung nearer the speaker.

"Listen, father," pleaded Zélis, "he swam Coq d'Inde while the storm raged; he stripped the planks off the house so the water might flow through; he watched beside me—he has been good, good, like my own brother."

"La tite begs for him," sneered Dufey.

Ubalde, unmindful of the bravery of Casimir-Jacques, said to 'Natole Dufey.

"Say to his face what you told me as we waited on Cat Island for the wind to lull."

Casimir-Jacques' chest heaved and his eyes flashed like those of a goaded bull. "Natole Dufey, Cher Vautrot and you, Pepito Alvarez, Maxime Deslonde and Sieur Malachi de Damoan, have no cause to shame me before this girl. Zélis," his voice fell, "that other night I said it was not wise for you to touch my hand. You asked if I had killed a man. I told you that no one lay dead because of me."

"No one," he iterated. "I told you, too, that this," he struck his breast, "held my tongue. Now, since your father bids 'Natole speak it's best for me to say the truth."

"Hush, I want no word like that," she declared.

Striking his breast again, Casimir-Jacques gasped: "Look, Zélis."

"I see nothing; what is it?" she faltered.

"There is nothing to see—yet, I mean look at me, look well."

She gazed, terrified, at his livid face and burning eyes.

"I—" he breathed heavily—"my father—was—a leper, so he said."

She turned to flee, but, impelled by tenderest love, asserted: "'Tis no more to me than a pin scratch."

Simple though she was, she knew the horror that the people of old had had for lepers, but it seemed to her that her love must serve as a shield between him and his persecutors. And no matter what ailed him, no matter were he to fall before her eyes stricken with vomit, she must not let him know that she had any fear of him. Surely, everyone knew nothing was so terrible as the fever that turned one yellow and caused the black blood to spurt up from one's vitals. Her father had told

her about it, and, thankful that Casimir-Jacques had nothing so bad, she started to lay her hand on his. Ubalde snatched her away.

"Take him, take him to Petit Bois to tend your cattle, 'Natole Dufey," shrieked Ubalde.

"You stole away," Dufey said to Casimir-Jacques, "from Mon Louis Island, not knowing we'd follow you; nor that we'd ever know why you dwelt alone this past year since your father died; but on Cat Island, where we sought shelter from the storm, we fell in with Ubalde Ouellette. We knew him not, for we stick to our own grant, raising oranges, and are not ones to sail about this coast, yet he told us his name. He told us, too, that a stranger had come among his people. We asked who he was; when he said 'twas you we let out all we knew. And how did we know? I, myself, put my ear to the crack of your side shutter when your father lay dying and heard all he said. Diable, if we'd known sooner what ailed him, his days on the island would have been shorter. An open boat and a rough sea would have been his death-bed. Leper, beast, do you think we'll let you go about tainting the air, even if there be no sign of the horror on you? 'Tis in your blood, and will show itself ere long. Come."

He looked at his three comrades and the *Sieur de Damoan*. The latter moaned and twisted his lips.

"Come, I say," repeated 'Natole, "let's be off to Petit Bois. The wind is fair; we can make the island before dawn."

Whiter than the foam, *Zélis* fell at Dufey's feet. "Oh, God, he harms no living thing. Take him not to the lonely island between the Gulf and Sound."

"Silence," commanded Ubalde, dragging her to her feet. For the first time in his life he wanted to strike her. His mind was torn with anger that she should reveal her love to these strangers; according to his racial code it was sinful for a girl to lift her eyes to a man's until he asked her parents for her. And *Zélis* had done worse; she had openly avowed her preference for one apart from his fellows; she had but this moment pleaded for him as boldly as though maidenhood had set no seal of reticence upon her lips. For himself, he thanked every saint in the calendar that none of his own people—the *Acadians*—were there to see his shame. *Zélis* had ever borne herself with modesty. He hoped this lapse would not be known. If it were to become the gossip of the coast she should join the ranks of *les vieilles vièrges*; he would sail to New Orleans and put her with the *Ursuline* nuns.

Here the man *Cher Vautrot*, being newly married and so responsive to the moods of others, cut short his gloomy thoughts, saying:

"'Tis a shame to take him to Petit Bois, for there only the square land crabs rattle across the sand and the cattle rove. True, the surf rolls high and the wild oats are yellow and full, but the long days will madden him. Before the saints, some blight will fall upon us if we do this thing. Besides, who nursed your brother, 'Natole

Dufey, when the fever scorched him so that he lay hotter than a brick on a loaf? Who pulled you out of *Pass aux Huitres*, *Maxime*, when your boat overturned? Who sucked the poison from your boy's leg, *Pepito*, when the snake bit him? None, save Casimir-Jacques. And for me? Who walked across the *Narrows* from *Mon Louis Island* to the mainland, all the way from *Mobile*, to fetch the priest when my *gran-mère* lay dying? He did it—that, and more. Myself, I grieve to think I joined in this evil against him."

"Do we know aught of his people?" asked 'Natole. "Nothing, except that his father, old *Baurrien*, died of leprosy. You remember no one was allowed to view the corpse. Casimir-Jacques acted like a pig of an Englishman—he did not even set out coffee and wine; he let nobody watch with him, and put his *père* in the coffin as quick as the *Creole* brothers *Rosier* got it hammered together, then shut it like that—" he snapped his thumb and finger. "Perhaps there was some strange blood that gave him the evil—*negre*—"

Casimir-Jacques lifted his hand, but dropped it to say with dignity:

"There is no African blood in me, 'Natole. My people are pure French. My grandmother was a great lady, so my father told me. In France my ancestors sat with the king, when yours were toiling in the fields."

Here *Pepito* spoke. "It would be bad to put him on the island, yes; what say you, *Maxime*?"

Thus appealed to *Maxime* muttered, with a furtive glance at Ubalde and 'Natole:

"*Pas aux Huitres* is the devil's trap for those who fall in it."

"Good, we'll not sail to Petit Bois today," *Cher Vautrot* triumphed. "*Pepito* and *Maxime* think like me."

'Natole shook his head, his hoop earrings twinkling in the light as he sought to conquer his bitter nature. The old man, *Sieur de Damoan* said nothing. He stood apart with lowered eyes and tightened lips.

But Ubalde growled:

"Since he is too fine to herd the wild cattle he shan't live at *Cop d'Inde*. Take him with you to *Mon Louis*, lest some day he might want to marry my girl; then? Ah, *Dieu*, I'd put a knife in him. True, he may never have leprosy, but I'll have none of him here."

Sieur de Damoan lifted his lids to disclose gleaming, yellow eyes that held a conflict in their depths. Still he said nothing.

"Have no fear, Ubalde," said Casimir-Jacques. "Although I've but to say 'Come' and *Zélis* will go with me to the priest, I'll be still. In my father's last days he talked much." His voice broke on a sob. "I stole away from *Mon Louis*, because I feared to stay. I am not thirty years, and I know that those with the leper's taint are sent far from men." He halted in his speech.

Pepito, *Cher Vautrot* and *Maxime* gazed at him, awed by the courage that could renounce the joys of life.

And old 'Natole, moved to tears, said:

"I was more scared of you than if a mad dog ran loose, but now I know the goodness of the saints is in your soul. Let my cattle go wild. What matters it?—There you would see no human face. Come back to *Mon Louis*. You can dwell at the farthest end of the island where the winds blow salt and strong; none can be harmed by you. Another thing, say nothing of what ails you to the *Creoles* that live at the end—near east *Fowl River*—should they chance that way to shoot *poules d'eaux*. We here," he glanced at his three comrades and *Ouellette*, "can keep a secret. You," he hung his head in shame of his own generosity, "have been too good for us to tell that the leprosy lies in your blood and may one day eat your flesh."

Sieur de Damoan moved farther from the group; a moisture shone upon his brow—his brilliant eyes opened wide, and he plucked at his rings with the manner of a man in agony.

Casimir-Jacques looked at 'Natole in such dumb gratitude that Ubalde felt something sting his eyes and he hastened to say:

"I can keep my tongue, too, *mes garçons*; as for *Zélis*—"

She stayed him with a gesture, gazing at Casimir-Jacques as if he were dead. Nevertheless, she said with unconscious subtlety, "'Twill be no sin to ask the Blessed Mother to let him die before he is old."

The *Cher Vautrot* loosed the *bateau* from the cedar where she had sat that first day Casimir-Jacques saw her—she laid her hands over her eyes and groped her way to the house.

Cher Vautrot rose and flinging the rope into the boat, said: "The wind grows fresh."

With a long look at the browning marshes Casimir-Jacques flicked the tears from his lashes. Slowly he turned and looked at the gray cabin, then followed the men toward the boat. Ubalde stared at him as though he saw some creature suddenly uplifted to immortality. *Sieur de Damoan* shuddered—two tears rolled down his cheeks, and he clutched Casimir-Jacques with delicate, pallid hands.

"Not so," he cried.

"What is it you say, *Monsieur*?" asked Casimir-Jacques.

Ere *Sieur de Damoan* could answer, 'Natole spoke, pointing to the water, "*Par-don, monsieur; the time goes.*"

But the other swept him with a haughty stare, then turned to Casimir-Jacques with thickened breath.

"You—you—are no leper."

"You know naught of me," asserted Casimir-Jacques. "I have scarce said a dozen words to you, and—"

Sieur de Damoan's eyes had the radiance of a topaz. "Does not a man know his own?" he queried.

The other fell back a pace, so amazed that he could only stare at the wrinkled face before him.

There was a pause, then *Sieur de Damoan* went on:

"I have said it; you are my son. Your mother was a beautiful lady; her mother

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

with NIXON WATERMAN

Cure for Depression

We must economise, perforce,
We've got to do it, but
The other fellow's pay, of course,
Is the one that must be cut.

Free Feeds

No wonder Britain's working class
Her kindly plan extolls:
They used to earn their bread, alas!
But now they live on doles.

Each for All

We've got to be thoughtful of others, and kind,
Or else we'll be laid on the shelf;
The man who will do as he pleases, you'll find,
Is apt to please only himself.

A Good Start

The boy who "earns his spurs" at school,
It is easy, quite, to tell,
Is apt, in the world, to earn his boots
And board and clothes, as well.

The Way to Wealth

If Gandhi a fortune should care to hoard,
'Twould be easy for him to do;
It costs him so little for clothes and board,
Just a goat, and a loincloth or two.

Onward

"All possible things have been done," so you say,
But the ones with the light on their brow
Will still go triumphantly forth on their way
And do the "impossible" now.

The Same Old Pace

Wheat is cheap and cotton's cheap,
So the falling market shows,
But we still have to work like a sorry Turk
To get our board and clothes.

Silence Is Golden

While every one, to cure our ills,
His formula is braying,
Just listen at the volumes that
Cal. Coolidge isn't saying.

Believe It or Not

Though strange it may sound,
Yet I firmly insist
That fault often is found
Where it doesn't exist.

A Later Verse-ion

In the world's broad field of battle,
If you mean to win a prize,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Stir things up and advertise.

Big Times in the Country

Now that the county fairs are on,
The rural, hayseed bumpkins,
As a bumper squash wins a prize, b'gosh!
Imagine they're some pumpkins.

Wide Awake

The man who means to win his stars
For the deeds that must be wrought,
Won't have too many sleeping cars
Hitched to his train of thought.

Circumlocution

If you love some fair girl and are seeking a way,
Aside from your having to tell her, to show it,
A nice, gentle hug is effective, they say,
As a "roundabout" method of letting her know it.

Limitations

Even the band wagon has to make
This very frank confession;
Though it leads, we know, the passing show,
It isn't the whole procession.

A Long Peace

'Twill be a long, long while they say
Ere we have another row
If there's no more war until we pay
For the one we're taxed for now.

Which Is Which

One needs a checklist, so one sees,
As he reads the news today,
To check the murder mysteries
Front page headlines display.

The True Pessimist

I'm as tired of life as a man can be,
I'm a-weary of drawing my breath,
And I'd like to lie down in my grave but you see
I'm afraid I'd get tired of death.

He's Good Copy

That goat, loincloth and everything
Must come in mighty handy
For the one who is press-agenting
For Mr. Mahatma Gandhi.

A Sorry Reminder

Along about now we'd like to row
With that sorry bore, you bet!
Who asks when we meet in lane or street,
"Have you got your coal in yet?"

A Timely Query

Longfellow sketched it with renown,
But what we'd like to know is, when
"The old clock on the Stairs" ran down,
Could it, somehow, run up again?

READERS *Rapid* REVIEW

Joe Mitchell Chaplin



WHETHER President Hoover's debt suspension plan will work the economic and financial legerdemain hoped for cannot be apparent for some time. At the moment it is the thing of outstanding importance in a world whose imagination was intrigued by its boldness and whose eyes are looking eagerly for definite signs of improvement in the world's material interests.

If the rather general view of Washington observers of public affairs is to be accepted, however, the President's course, no matter whether there is a miss in its aim to turn the tide of depression from ebb to flow, is certain to bring results that cannot fail to be recorded as historic. Already there has been an upsetting of notions as to the future policy of the United States with respect to the world at large, and the disposition among the class of observers mentioned is to see Washington less an isolated figure and more a gregarious personality which rubs elbows willingly and not perforce with the rest of the inhabited globe.

Nor is this view confined to those whose post of observation is the nation's capital. From all over Europe there is reflection of an impression that a new era of American participation in international affairs is about to begin. Perhaps Europe is a bit too trusting. Whatever of further world-wide importance develops from President Hoover's bold stroke must come from a combination of conditions abroad and a recasting of political thought in this country.

For the present, at least, Mr. Hoover must be regarded as a world leader. A generous inclination so to appraise him is evident in most foreign countries. Whether he seizes the opportunity to make that leadership a continuing thing cannot be foretold, but it is apparent that his interest in the world situation has been aroused to a degree that other outstanding ventures may be expected from him if

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S EPOCHAL PLAN

his debt-paying holiday should prove insufficient to attain the ends desired.

The beau geste of an America embarrassed by a heavy and growing deficit in its public funds, in offering voluntarily to forego for a year the receipt of more than a quarter of a billion dollars lawfully due, intrigued the world's fancy.

And having made his offer and found that it sent a thrill through the world, like young Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic, President Hoover finds himself in a position that may compel him to define a new policy which will bring his government into a more intimate international relationship.

The reaction to the President's proposal has set a good part of political Washington to wondering whether it was not mere politeness to his hosts but a reflection of a conviction that caused Ramsay MacDonald to say at the dinner of the American Society in London on July 2 that the United States was "the greatest nation that now exists on the face of the earth."

When the President in May reached the conclusion that it might be necessary for the nations of the world to take some concerted action toward turning the tide of depression, he followed the dictates of his engineering mind by seeking information which would enable him to determine what tools and material he needed, what was the lay of the land for his engineering project, what obstacles were to be overcome and what advantages seized upon.

By June 5, on the eve of Secretary Mellon's departure for Europe on an entirely personal mission, President Hoover had determined practically that the best course to follow would be to propose a debt-paying holiday, and he asked Mr. Mellon to sound out European statesmen and financiers as to whether they thought this course would have

the effect of turning the tide of world depression. It will be seen from this that there still was some hesitation in the President's mind as to whether the holiday would meet the situation, and it meant also that he did not envisage conditions as so desperate that there was need to make a bold stroke immediately.

The President was not yet ready to act, however. He desired more information and counsel. He asked the advice of his Cabinet, began a series of interviews with Senators and Representatives, and on his brief tour into the Middle West he sought the opinions of such Senators and other prominent men as he encountered, as well as having long-distance conversations over the telephone with men whose judgment he trusted. He had Secretary Stimson call Owen D. Young and other notable financiers and industrialists to Washington for consultation. And meanwhile he was getting information direct from Europe.

When the President returned to Washington from his Western tour on June 18 matters looked more alarming. Heavy foreign withdrawals from the German Reichsbank produced the fear that this substantial financial institution might go under and carry the Bruening Government down with it. There seemed to be necessity for quick action, but the President felt that to make his debt-holiday proposal successful it was necessary to obtain advance support from as many Congressional leaders as could be reached. Then began an intensive sounding out of Senators and Representatives by telephone, telegraph and personal interview.

That was June 19. It was a hectic day at the White House. The news leaked out that the President contemplated some important action to help the European situation. This forced his hand, and that afternoon he announced that he had been con-

sulting leaders of both political parties "with respect to certain steps which we might take to assist in economic recovery both here and abroad," and that his conversations with Senators and Representatives had been "particularly directed to straightening the situation in Germany."

The next contemplated step in the President's procedure was to notify the European debtor nations of his proposal for a year's suspension of all intergovernmental debts from July 1. It was intended to deliver the proposal to these governments on Monday, June 22, but a combination of circumstances again forced the President's hand. The news leak, more alarming information about the Reichsbank and the Creditanstalt, disturbing reports concerning Hungary's finances, all had their part in determining the President to wait no longer. On the night of June 19 the proposal was formally delivered to Ambassadors and Ministers in Washington, and the next evening copies of it were given to newspapers.

Congress is supposed to be in no mood for any revision of our debt-funding agreements, and the President insisted in the public announcement of his debt-holiday proposal that there was no connection between these debts and German reparations, but there is evidence of plenty of disagreement with that view here in America, and the ball of discussion and opinion seems to have been set rolling by the events of the last three months.

Since the above was written the tense financial situation in Germany during July has passed. The report of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Secretary of State Stimson who were in Europe during this critical period will be awaited with keen interest. The telephonic radio across seas has been kept busy with "conversations" by presidents and premiers concerning diplomatic affairs that eliminate the old-time secret mis-sives enveloped in mystery.

THE ROMANCE OF BELLS

By Frances Cullen Moffitt

TYPICAL of the splendid material contained each month in *"The Etude"* is Miss Moffitt's *"The Romance of Bells"* which appeared in the April Issue. There's hardly a person today in this United States of ours but lives within the sound of a bell, be it ever so humble a church that houses that bell. Many there are who are fortunate to live within the sound of one of the many beautiful carillons throughout our country. If that is your good fortune, you will appreciate Miss Moffitt's article even more keenly.

Many pleasures in life we take for granted, as if they were our right, never thinking of the work of past generations which have made them possible. So it is with the bells of our churches and public buildings.

How old are bells and when were they first used? That they were used in the remotest antiquity in religious ceremonies is a certainty. They came into the Christian churches about 353-431 A. D.

Very different are Buddhist lands where we have the constant ringing of bells. Some of the most remarkable of the worship bells of the Orientals are made locally, that is, are cast not far from the site where they are to be used. In the smaller villages the great bell is a community or village institution. A peculiar sentiment is thus created by the people of a village toward their jointly owned great bell. It is housed in a building or shrine. An attendant priest is in charge to facilitate the presentation of prayers and to ring the bell.

There are very few old bells in France, some districts having been entirely cleared of them in the time of Napoleon. Holland, Belgium, Italy and Switzerland all have wonderful bells.

Many historic bells have been the victims of war. It was once a favorite trick of invaders to remove the bells from the towers of captured towns and promptly melt them down.

A "carillon" originally consisted of four bells, played either by machinery or by finger keys. The word itself is French in origin and means a "chime of bells". Chimes are usually played singly, while carillons have harmonized parts with a key board and pedals like a pipe organ. Chimes may harmonize but never in so complex a manner as the carillons. For chimes and carillons in church towers, the

inventive genius of the Netherlands seems to lead.

Bells have influenced architecture greatly. Since they have required homes very strong so that their great weight may be upheld and very high so that their tones may float in the air and be widely dispersed, the great towers of famous cathedrals have been erected.

The finest collection of bells in the world is said to be that of Frank A. Miller of Riverside, California, which contains over three hundred specimens from many foreign lands. A home has been arranged for the bells called "The Inn of Bells". In Berkeley, California, is one of the most beautiful of the new bell towers of America which houses the chimes of the University of California, and the Mountain Lake Sanctuary Singing Tower erected in Florida by Edward Bok is a fine contribution to both architecture and music. Many of our cities have bells which have been loved by the people for generations.

The most famous bell of the United States is, of course, the Liberty Bell which is more than one hundred and seventy years old. With its historic crack it is treasured with other relics in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Until recent years only those living in large cities had the privilege of listening to chimes and carillons, but since the advent of the radio chimes have been heard on New Year's Eve across the continent. Big Ben in Westminster, London, was heard as far as California. Our Liberty Bell, Trinity Church bells and chimes from Straus Tower, Chicago, are among the bells which have been broadcast. Cincinnati has one of the largest set of chimes in our country, built especially for broadcasting.

It is said that "culture begins with listening." Nothing communicates gentleness of spirit more effectively to the soul than the sound of bells.

Those who have visited the Bok tower in Florida, recall the thousands who are at this charmed retreat every day. Beneath the shadows of the great brass doors rests the remains of Edward N. Bok, for many years editor of the *"Ladies Home Journal"*. The Dream of the immigrant lad from Holland was realized as recorded in his *"Americanization"*, while his memory is perpetuated in the bells from this noted tower.

TOLSTOI'S LAST ENTRIES

Translated for The Golden Book by Dorothy Tobin

WITH world interest focussed on the five year plan of Soviet Russia, a re-reading of Tolstoi proves even more interesting than in the days when he heard and received the plaudits of the literary world as a genius.

June, 1900. *Iasnaia Poliana*.—Have noted nothing for more than a month. Passed these thirty-five days rather well. Have occasionally been in a bad mood, but the religious feeling invariably proved the stronger. Worked all the time without stopping and with zeal on "Slavery of Our Time." Added some new and clear elements. I experience an overwhelming desire to write a work of art, not dramatic but epic, the continuation of "Resurrection," the peasant existence of Nekhlioudov. I am moved and touched by the spectacle of nature: prairies, forests, wheat fields, pastures. An idea comes to me: Is this summer my last one? Well! That is perfectly all right. I feel grateful for everything. I have been infinitely loaded with favors. . . . How one is always willing to thank and how one is joyful. . . .

August 21, 1900.—My position in the family is very peculiar. They love me perhaps but they do not need me, I am somewhat of an encumbrance to them: I am not as necessary to them as I am to other people, but they realize less why others need me.

November 17, 1900. *Moscow*.—Man's life consists in setting up goals and trying to reach them. The realization of all desires, the very effort which brings you there, that is to say life, can meet insurmountable obstacles: fortune disappears; forgetfulness of shame replaces glory; beloved man for whose happiness one has lived dies; education, sermons do not act on man; in everything there may be a shackle, a stop, save in one thing: in the perfection of oneself, in loving according to God, in the salvation of the soul as the *moujiks* say. Everywhere, on every side, there are walls, only this way is open.

January, 19, 1901 *Moscow*.—Men live according to their own thoughts and feelings and the thoughts and feelings of others. The best man is the one who lives above all according to his own thoughts and the feelings of others. There are people who almost do not think, neither on their own accord nor through

others, and who, lacking personal feelings, live on those of others. This is the case with idiots and saints. The persons who live only according to their own thoughts are the wise ones and the prophets and those who seek the thoughts of others are the limited scientists.

February 11, 1901. *Moscow*.—A pile of letters that I cannot answer. What is good in my moral state is that I consider the sufferings and the approach of death not only without revolt, but sometimes even with pleasure.

March 28, 1901. *Moscow*.—Received some good letters from Vlassov. Yesterday evening remained alone, vividly imagined death: have cast a glance in the beyond or rather have imagined the change which is waiting for me more vividly than ever, this was rather terrifying but good.

November 29, 1901. *Gaspra*.—When I am dying I would like someone to ask me if I continue to conceive life as I have always done, that is to say as an approach to God, a growth of love. If I have not the strength to speak I will close my eyes to say "Yes," I will open them to say "No." . . .

August 5, 1902. *Iasnaia Poliana*.—I never expected to wait such a long time before writing. The 22nd of July sent "The Working People" and have worked since on "Hadji-Mourad," sometimes with pleasure, sometimes with disgust and shame. The general state of my health is better, but my stomach is bad. An extraordinary thing. I know how bad and stupid I am and nevertheless I consider myself a genius. What then must the others be?

September 27, 1902. *Iasnaia Poliana*.—Have written nothing worth while. . . . Received some visitors from Tchernigov, one of them refuses to serve his military term. Good health. Am feeling calmly the approach of death. Tomorrow I am probably going to end this diary.

September 29, 1902.—I end this notebook. Two years and four months. Have lived and felt a great deal; everything in good shape. Yes, I wanted still to note this: . . . How agreeable it is to notice that one accomplishes freely and almost unconsciously acts which formerly demanded an effort. Best proof of growth. Like signs on the wall.

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WHY I AM PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN

By Clarence Budington Kelland

THE wholesome sane philosophy of Clarence Budington Kelland's "Scattergood" stories has appealed to thousands of readers. Mr. Kelland calls a spade a spade in this stirring, patriotic article which appeared in the July issue of the Legion's official monthly periodical—a periodical of which they may be justly proud. We predict that there may be some answer to this challenge in a future issue. He hits the high spots on the "agitating" subjects ranging from unemployment to Prohibition, which he does not favor to any enthusiastic degree. It is the open, free discussion of these questions that has made the magazine of the American Legion a popular publication even outside of their membership.

I am proud of the United States; I am proud to be a citizen of America. I am proud of it when I am at home and when I am abroad; when I am awake and when I am asleep, and, curiously enough, I am most proud of her when I am most ashamed of her. Which is a good trick, if you can do it.

We fancy we are capable of self-government. Every time I hear statesmen say we would give liberty to the Philippines if only they were able to govern themselves, or each time we land Marines in Haiti or Nicaragua I find out what a real joke is. If we had half the ability to govern ourselves that the old Six Nations of Aborigines had, the United States would be such a slick place to live in that we would be bored with it.

From the birth of the Republic we have misgoverned ourselves so industriously that the most malign example of misgovernment only makes us shake our heads and bore in for more.

We are supposed to be a government of checks and balances. A disinterested bystander would say a government of rubber checks and overdrawn balances. We have the legislative department to make laws, the executive to administer the laws, and the judicial to interpret them. And right there is the seat of the trouble. I'm talking now about the federal Government.

At Washington, we see one enormous roomful of gentlemen called Representatives. About ninety per cent of them couldn't earn half the salary in any other occupation. They have nothing

to lose and everything to win by running for Congress. And these are the men we pick to sit on the Board of Directors of the biggest, richest, busiest, most intricate going concern in the world. So much for the House.

Once upon a time the Senate was a check on the House. It was aristocratic and wealthy. It was made up of men who made a success of life in one way or another, and who had demonstrated genuine ability. They were able to run a great concern like the United States because they were used to running big affairs and running them successfully.

But then we have a rush of democracy to the head and ruin our one safeguard. Nobody claims the old Senate was perfect, but it had sense enough to give the citizens a fifty-fifty break. And then we went in for direct election of Senators by the people. We got a chamber of people dependent on the votes of the people, forced to pander to the crowd and kow-tow to every local issue, who were compelled to legislate from the point of view and the demands of Pewamo, Michigan, or Terre Haute, Indiana, or Ossining, New York, rather than from the point of view of national efficiency, and the good of the nation.

I am no socialist. I am no anarchist. I'm no capitalist. I'm just a fellow trying to do his best and lay up enough for a rainy day. We are living in a capitalistic age. If our capitalistic age is not worthy to continue, it will disappear. Nevertheless it is the boat we are crossing the ocean in. Maybe it is uncomfortable, especially for the fellows who man the oars. Maybe it leaks. But it is all the boat we have and there is a lot of ocean. Therefore, it seems to me, the thing to do is to keep on bailing and rowing, and to refrain from boring holes in the bottom, and to keep the craft afloat until we sight land or some rescuing vessel.

Tom and Dick and Harry, living on the farm, running the shoe store, working in the bank or the bakery or digging the ditch! Those are the fellows, they are the germs of the protoplasms which give Uncle Sam his rare endurance and his grand courage.

And, if we sit tight, and trust Tom, Dick and Harry to carry us through, we will come through.

I WANT A CAR LIKE THIS

By F. H. Dutcher

AUTOMOBILE owners, particularly those who do some of their own repair work, and have to watch rather carefully their garage repair bills, will enjoy reading Professor Dutcher's "I Want A Car Like This" from the June issue of Motor, and from which we have taken these brief excerpts. The diagram which appears in Motor illustrating the article is highly illuminating.

I'm in the market for a new car—and I want something pretty definite—and I don't want to spend more than \$1200 for it.

This much-to-be-desired car has got to go places and do things! It is going to be used for commuting—and that means starting quickly every morning, taking me into the city, staying outdoors all day, starting eagerly at night and taking me home—comfortably and quickly.

Also, it has got to take the family—two youngsters, one wife, various bags and your humble servant—away for the summer. That means three hundred and forty miles in one day, with a point-to-point average of thirty-two miles an hour which means a road speed of forty-five miles an hour most of the time—and this car must come up smiling at the end of the trip, with some oil still left in the crankcase, no new rattles or squeaks, and a fuel mileage of twenty to the gallon.

All this sounds easy! But there is something more that I want, even more important. I want to use this car for five years and turn it in when the speedometer shows 100,000 miles. It will be entitled to a full paint job at two years and a half—and I must not have to lay it up for new pistons, rings and re-grinding before it is ready for its paint. I'm perfectly willing to have the brakes relined at 34,000 and 67,000 miles—but only at those times—and I won't be unreasonable about carbon and valves—10,000 miles between cleanings should be about right. I've looked for this car—and haven't been able to find it.

That doesn't mean that this car can't be built—it may mean that I'm unreasonable in what I want but I don't, naturally, quite like to admit that. Let us just say, instead, that there hasn't yet been enough of a demand for this particular kind of a car for any one to think seriously of putting it into production.

It must be a rather special

kind of closed car—a closed car that won't rattle and squeak after the first year of hammering.

I want the springs set in rubber shackles. This may help the riding qualities some, too, but it certainly means at least twelve less places to grease.

The brakes have got to hold the car—and stay in adjustment. I'm willing to help by not abusing them—but the brakes have got to be perfectly reliable.

The gear-box—ah, now we're beginning to get into it—needs four speeds. Personally I rather incline to a direct third and over-geared fourth—a thoroughly quiet over-gear though.

As to the type of clutch is concerned, it means nothing more than a name—but it must be sweet, and stay that way. We'll give it new linings the same days that the brakes get theirs.

How much engine does this car need and how many cylinders? More than four and not more than eight. In the hope of starting an argument, we'll say six cylinders. It makes no difference to me whether the engine has overhead valves or side valves. The side valve engine costs a shade less to build.

The cooling system might be air, or it might be the so-called "steam" system. The air-cooled car has no freezing troubles, but a "steam-cooled" engine warms up beautifully and then holds its temperature.

I believe that such a car as this can be built. I believe that if it ever is built it will be sold with very little effort—merely a guarantee of life time performance—a guarantee that means just what it says.

I'm tired of being told what I ought to want—this car is what I do want—who has one for sale?

Now the question is, what automobile manufacturer will have the courage to insist that he fulfills all of these simple but universally called-for requirements. If the world is to "All-a-motor-go" it will insist upon something besides fads and selling points before laying down cash in purchase price. It is now more a matter of utility than style with the great mass of automobile buyers. Perhaps there is another \$1200 Ford in the offing that will sweep the world market when incomes are restored to a normal basis and every man, woman and child consumes gasoline as well as milk.

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Tickleweed and Feathers



The Temperance Society was to meet that afternoon. Mrs. Phillpotts dressed in a hurry, and came panting downstairs. She was a very fat woman.

"Addie, run up to my room and get my blue rosette—the temperance badge," she directed the maid. I have forgotten it. You will know it, Addie—blue ribbon and gold lettering."

"Yes, mum, I knows it well enough."

Addie could not read, but she knew a blue ribbon with gold lettering when she saw it, and therefore had no trouble in finding it, and fastened it promptly on the dress of her mistress.

Mrs. Phillpotts was too busy greeting her friends to observe that they smiled when they shook hands with her—some of them almost laughed.

The gold lettering on the ribbon read: "Bournemouth Poultry Show.—First Prize Bantam."—*The Kablegram*.

A Congressman's Prayer: "And, dear Lord, please show me the ways and means of devising new laws that I can break, also original and unheard of ideas with which I can annoy the President. God Bless these United States. Amen."

Mother: "Billy, don't go too far out in the water."

Billy: "Aw, Daddy's out a long way."

Mother: "I know, dear, but your father has his life insured."

"He was a man who had indeed suffered much," says a country newspaper, in a short obituary notice; "he had been a subscriber to this paper since its first number."—*U. P. Magazine*.

Telegram: "Impossible to come. Big washout on the line. Sorry."

Telegram (in reply): "Wear any old clothes. Only an informal affair. Come sure."

"I wouldn't marry that admirer of yours if he had a million dollars."

"Of course you wouldn't. I would."

It was getting very close to the time for the celebrated guest to make his speech.

The chairman, looking about the table, came over to the speaker and whispered, "Shall we let them enjoy themselves a little longer, or do you think you'd better begin your speech now?"

—*American Mutual Magazine*.

A farmer became the father of twins, and on learning the news he was so delighted that he hurried to the nearest telegraph office and sent this telegram to his sister-in-law:

"Twins today. More tomorrow."

—*Wall Street Journal*.

St. Peter: "And here is your golden harp."

1931 American: "What's the down payment?"

Customer: "So you're in charge of this drugstore; have you any diploma?"

Assistant Druggist: "I'm afraid not, sir, but we've got a preparation of our own that's just as good."

"Thankful! What have I got to be thankful for? I can't pay my bills."

"Then, man alive, be thankful you are not one of our creditors."

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance."

"What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hills and down hills, through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?"

There was a silence, and then Tommy, whose father was a motor dealer, spoke up.

"Please, miss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

Rupert—Darling, in the moonlight your teeth are like pearls.

Marjorie—Oh, indeed! And when were you in the moonlight with Pearl?

With some of them like this () and some of them looking like this) (, short skirts are still being worn.

Rastus: "Ain't you got no eggs?"

Grocer: "I haven't said I have."

Rastus: "I ain't ask yo if yo has, I ask you if yo ain't. Is yo?"

Grocer: "This 10-cent piece doesn't ring good."

Little Tommy: "What do you want in a dime—a set of chimes?"

Young Clerk: "Why do I struggle along with this trifling job?"

Blonde Cashier: "Don't be discouraged. Think of the mighty oak. It was once a nut like you."

A tourist going through the Northwest suffered a slight accident. Unable to find his monkey-wrench, he went to a farmhouse and inquired of the Swede owner:

"Have you a monkey-wrench here?"

"Naw," replied the Swede, "My brother bane got a cattle rench over there, my cousin got a sheep rench down there; but too damn cold here for monkey-rench."

Physician (after mixing a vile-looking oil with orange juice): "There, I believe I've got that down pat!"

Mike (who has been watching from the bed): "Mebbe you hev, Doctor; but it's nivver goin' down Mike."

An Italian who kept a fruit stand was much annoyed by possible customers who made a practice of handling the fruit and pinching it, thereby leaving it softened and often spoiled. Exasperated beyond endurance, he finally put up a sign, which read: "If you must pincha da fruit —pincha da cocoanut!"

1st Lawyer: You're a cheat!

2nd Lawyer: You're a liar!

Judge: Now that you have identified each other, we'll go on with the case.

—*Patton's Monthly*.

Doctor: "What did you put that towel in your wife's mouth for? That's no way to treat a patient."

Patient's Husband: "Well, you said to be sure that she was kept quiet."

"So Ethel returned your engagement ring?"

"Yes, she mailed it to me and had the nerve to paste a label on the outside of the package: 'Glass, handle with care.'"

—*Advocate*.

Conductor: "Can't you see the sign, 'No Smoking'?"

Sailor: "Sure, mate, that's plain enough. But there are so many dippy signs here. One says 'Wear Madame Rene's Girdles.' So I ain't payin' attention to any of them!"

The sculptor had just finished his model of an angel, and one of his numerous friends had called in to see it, and at the same time give a little friendly criticism.

"I say," he said, "angels don't wear silk stockings. Did you ever see an angel in high-heeled shoes and silk stockings?"

"Well, did you ever see one without them?" came the prompt reply.

Two Centuries Since Washington's Birth

A new Historical account of how the Father of His Country became a dominating influence in the Founding of the Republic, and was accepted by his countrymen as the "human symbol of our great Nation"

By John E. Jones

THOSE were troublesome times as the Old World began to stage its centuries of feuds upon American soil as competitor for a prize no less than that of supreme dominion in the New World. In the midst of these troubles the Colonial Governor Dinwiddie decided to send a messenger to the French in Ohio. At that time Washington was twenty-one years old, but thoroughly hardened to the work of a man. Woodrow Wilson, in his history, says that "Governor Dinwiddie knew whom he was choosing when he sent this drilled and experienced youngster, already a frontiersman, to bid the French leave Ohio." The message was carried in the dead of Winter, through dense and frosted woods, through paths and storm-beaten tangles of trackless deep forests, and although the French refused to go, the messenger traveled so swift, and returned so speedily, that even the hardened pioneers and woodsmen of that day were amazed.

Next the British sent their seasoned and experienced soldier, General Braddock, to the Colonies, to drive the French out of Ohio, and young Washington became a member of his military family. Alexandria was the focal point, but historians refer to Mount Vernon as taking the appearance of a recruiting station.

The headstrong Braddock would not listen to the wise counsels of the youthful Colonel Washington, and by insisting that his troops should fight in English formation in the open he made his men the targets of the ambushed Indian foes who did the heavy slaughtering for the French. The red men, hidden behind trees and rocks, were combined with the French troops, and they demoralized and defeated Braddock's force of three times as many soldiers. Washington, writing to his brother said: "By the all powerful dispensations of Providence I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt, although death was leveling my companions on every side of me."

No wonder the Indians thought he had a charmed life.

Washington often expressed himself vigorously concerning the political intrigues that existed in Virginia and Maryland, and he did not conceal his contempt for his foes, of whom he seemed to have quite a number. Washington Irving publishes portions of many of Washington's letters. In one of these young George answers his correspondent by saying the letter he had received could only be excused because he understood the writer was drunk when he wrote it.

Even so, he informed the offender, he had been lucky to have delivered his insulting communication in writing and not in person.

The prominence that he achieved before the Revolution was doubtless due to the vigorous way in which he championed the rights of the colonists against those at home, and in England, who were exploiting them. Washington Irving shows that Washington did not countenance compromises. He was quick to detect those people called "pussyfooters" at that time. He had his own opinions, and Virginia was sometimes startled by the straight-shooting he employed in expressing his feelings and convictions.

His early manhood had been passed on the frontier and he grew in mental stature with the years. "He went in a school boy; he came out the first soldier in the colonies, and one of the leading men of Virginia," wrote Senator Lodge.

Old and New Williamsburg

At twenty-seven Washington fell in love with the widow Custis. Her old colored servant related that "he was dar on'y fo' times afor de wedding," but he added, "we couldn't keep our eyes off him, he seemed

so grand." George was always a man of action, and so after those four visits he married Mrs. Custis, and they went to Williamsburg to spend the Winter and their honeymoon. Old Williamsburg represented the grandeur of Colonial days in the Southland. It had originally been an outpost for Jamestown, only six miles away, but Jamestown had moved "bag and baggage" to the "Middle Plantation," which occupies the summit of the ridge where the waters divide and flow in opposite directions to the James and York Rivers. Thus Williamsburg became the successor, and replaced Jamestown. Williamsburg, Phoenix-like, is now arising to restored grandeur.

Jamestown sleeps, and is of interest on account of its glorious past.

The House of Burgesses, the legislative instrument of the British, first met at Jamestown in 1619, and afterwards at Williamsburg where the Colonial Capital moved in 1699. Washington was a new member of the Burgesses and when he appeared in the House after his marriage his colleagues greeted him warmly. His bashfulness fairly overcame him when the Speaker congratulated him in the name of his fellow members. He blushed, stammered, trembled, and could not utter a word, whereupon the



Scene at Wakefield, Va., the birthplace of Washington

Speaker suggested that he "sit down," adding that "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."



Houdon Bust

Although the Washingtons at first concerned themselves principally with the social life of old Williamsburg, they were destined to face more serious duties in the years to come. The events at Williamsburg and Washington's participation in those stirring affairs of the Colonial Capital were preparing him for the burdensome tasks and responsibilities that were to occupy him during his later life.

There was a sharp division of classes at Williamsburg, and that first Winter the Washingtons were found among the aristocratic groups who constituted the colorful society of the old Capitol. "There was as much formality and gayety 'in the season' at Williamsburg, Virginia's village Capital, as in Philadelphia, the biggest, wealthiest, most stately town in the colonies," wrote Woodrow Wilson. The grandeur of the grand men and the elegance of the elegant ladies fascinated the happy young lovers—carefree for the time—and they were of that chosen pioneer nobility that served their King and watched the peaceful, white, fleecy clouds that were floating overhead. In the Spring Washington took his bride

As the next fifteen years passed Washington became deeply involved in affairs at the Colonial Capitol. He had started out with his bride at Williamsburg during his first term in the Burgesses, and he little realized what a rough and rugged path was ahead of him. Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee and Thomas Jefferson were radical leaders in the Virginia House of Burgesses and they were kindling the fires of independence, and it was not long before many of the outstanding leaders among the men of the commonwealth relegated the social side of life in the Colonial Capital to second place, while the main order of business concerned their differences with the Mother country.

Planning a Nation's Future

George and Martha Washington were in full sympathy with those rebellious-minded men and women who were planning to smash all opposition, and give a definite answer to the oft-repeated question of "what are we going to do about it?" Imagine how those rebels paced up and down Duke of Gloucester Street, how they hung over their gates and hitching posts, how they walked the dirt roads, and followed the paths about the village while they discussed what they would do with, and to, the British.

The old Capitol building, the Royal Governor's palace, the main building of William and Mary College, and many public and pri-



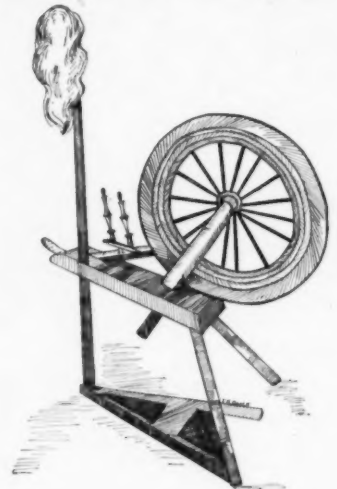
George Washington's Book Plate

vate buildings, as well as the entire area of Duke of Gloucester Street which is the principal thoroughfare of the village, is being restored as near as possible to its condition of about 1700. In these familiar spots the Fathers planned the future of America.

In the old Capitol Patrick Henry had made his famous speech denying the right of Parliament to pass the Stamp Act and defying the British government, and he ended with the peroration: "Tarquin and Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles, the First his Cromwell, and George the Third may profit by their example." As the cries of "treason, treason," rang through the Chamber he flung out defiantly: "If this be treason, make the most of it." His resolution of "denial" passed the Burgesses by one vote. Washington voted for Henry's resolution, and he continued to support the radical policies of the "new men" who came from the "backward counties" and opposed the old aristocracy who in earlier times had been submissive tools in carrying into effect the orders of the British Governors.

Ten years later when Patrick Henry had attained the distinction of being called "the voice of America," he offered his Resolutions for Arming and Defense, and carried them with that historic speech delivered at Richmond, which ended with another one of

his great perorations: "Give me liberty or give me death." Washington was there to vote with him as he had been doing for many long years. On one occasion Washing-



Martha Washington's Garment Factory used sixteen of these

ton had asked the Burgesses: "Shall we whine and cry for relief?"

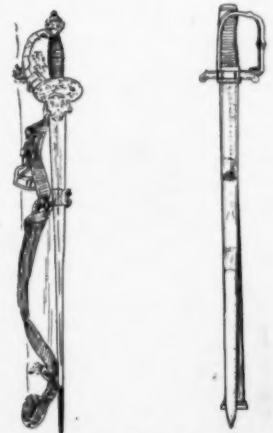
In the events of those serious sessions at the Capitol the Virginians counseled together. Their debates in the House of Burgesses showed their anxiety and appreciation of the consequences of their revolutionary movement. But always they were guided by the patriotic desire to perform their duty to their country and posterity, at any sacrifice to their personal comfort or safety.

George Mason's Declaration of Rights had been adopted at Williamsburg. It was here that the British Governor unsuccessfully dissolved the House of Burgesses only to be chagrined by the members who promptly reconvened in Raleigh Tavern. Finally Governor Dunsmore rifled the Powder Horn at Williamsburg, and nearly precipitated a revolution in Virginia on May 20, 1775. On June 1 the last House of Bur-



Necessities in Colonial Housekeeping Days

and her children to Mount Vernon, which was a very attractive estate. Though the mansion was not pretentious as it is now, it then ranked with the good homes found in different parts of Virginia.



Two of the four Washington swords

gesses assembled, and a week later Dunsmore fled because Williamsburg had become too much of a hot bed of trouble for the English who sought to rule from that Colonial Capitol.

It was in Williamsburg that Washington and other leaders in old Virginia broke the frail bonds that held them to Britain, and it was there that they determined to set up their own National government to replace that sustained by the Mother country with headquarters in London, where the King and his Ministers treated the appeals of the Colonies with contempt. In that stormy arena Washington announced his determination to forsake the ease of his own position and give his life to the cause that he knew needed him. He broke with many of his best friends, because at Williamsburg men were being outlawed as rebels when they opposed the power of the King.

The famous "Committees of Correspondence" was an idea born at Williamsburg. The colonists North and South accepted the plan, and they wrote letters to each other in order to perfect the common understanding in preparation against the day when they would arise to repel the aggressors against their rights. Our modern chain-letter schemes are a frail substance compared to the endless streams of words that poured out from the pens of the leaders of the colonies. Wrathful speeches, incendiary correspondence, and also conservative plans, and even pleading remonstrances and appeals for preserving peace with the Mother country, were written and sent far and wide from Williamsburg. The Boston Tea party was planned in this Correspondence, and out of this letter-writing program there was set up a Congress at Philadelphia, which in less than two years cut the bonds of allegiance which had held the colonies to England.

In that atmosphere the soul that was to save America was hardened for the tasks that he was to be called upon to master. There he went to Bruton Parish church, which today glorifies the past and renders the same spiritual comfort that it did in those early Colonial days. When at home in Mount Vernon he usually attended nearby Pohick Church, of which he was a vestryman. There was intense feeling at some of these services, and when Pohick became partisanly pro-British, Christ Church in Alexandria drew many of the revolutionists of the region to its more friendly shelter and politically-liberal religious services.

In those years at Williamsburg oratory was soaring to glorious heights, and the methods of reasoning were as effective and convincing as in the present age when the Bicentennial is of national interest.

Williamsburg and Yorktown

Washington got down to brass tacks with the Burgesses when he calmly declared that "I will raise 1,000 men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston." The die was cast! At about the same time he wrote letters to relatives declaring that he would devote his life to the cause of his countrymen. Could he have dreamed what he was letting himself in for? Surely no man foresaw that Washington, who made that speech, would march, struggle, fight, and endure—traveling thousands of miles, be away from home for four years at a time, and then finally bring his conquering armies and their French allies together at

Yorktown, only twenty miles away from Williamsburg, where he would receive the surrender of Cornwallis' army.

His First Retirement at Mount Vernon

In the Spring following that first winter at Williamsburg, Washington, after four days travel over about one hundred and thirty-five miles of bad roads, arrived at Mount Vernon. Today, ribbons of surfaced highways make the trip one of only a few hours.

He was mistaken when he declared, "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find happiness in retirement." The development of the estate was pushed and the industrial and social activities developed rapidly.

Those were the happiest sixteen years in the lives of the Virginia planter and his wife. Washington was a large slave holder, a kind and considerate master, and his fellow-Virginians trusted him implicitly in those times when the lulls before the storms gave them all a chance to search each other's hearts and minds.

The luxury of those old Virginia days was mixed with plenty of hardships. But maybe hardships as we view them are largely matters of comparisons. Those were days when candles furnished them light, and their gruel and steaks and other foods were cooked over fire places. The householders of those days had to meet all their own emergencies, as there were no specialists such as we have today, for every kind of service. The days began at five A. M. when Martha and George breakfasted together. Then he mounted a horse and rode twelve miles over his eight thousand acre plantation, and returned after midday. He inspected his horses, cattle, and other livestock, and the farm machinery that included home-made wagons. The slaves spoke to him in the fields, and it was his custom to stop and talk with them, and issue directions for the work.

There were numerous small cabins, containing home-made furniture, and Negro women and children surrounded the homes. The plantation produced a wealth of carefully cultivated crops. Cotton, fruits, clover and orchard grasses, barley, peas, corn and potatoes were raised. Wheat was an important crop, and it was not only threshed there, but it was ground into flour of such excellence that the famous George Washington brands were admitted without inspection into the markets of England and the British West Indies. There were crops of tobacco which brought rich returns. They butchered and prepared their own meats.

Farmers had their troubles in those olden days and Washington complained in his diary: "Would anyone believe that with one hundred and one cows I should still be obliged to buy butter for my family?" Nevertheless, Washington's success would be regarded as a modern miracle because he made the farm pay.

Martha Washington supervised the furnishing of clothing for her family and slaves and today at Mount Vernon one may see many of the spinning wheels used in her garment factory, where homespun tex-

tiles were produced in great quantities in those days of peace.

The social season was regulated largely by the weather and of all the sports fox hunting was the most popular. Sometimes for days at a time the master of Mount Vernon and a house full of guests followed the hounds.

The Potomac River with its wealth of privately-owned boats and ships in trade as we see it today, is wholly unlike the Potomac of old, when boats used only sails, or were propelled by oars. Washington owned a handsome barge, which on special occasions was manned by black oarsmen. At such times it became freighted with ladies and gentlemen who swept along the surface of the River. The Colonial inhabitants along the Potomac had to furnish their own amusements, and according to the accounts related by some prominent writers, that placid stream was the scene of many happy events. Too bad that those old "showboats" have passed from sight and memory.

Their great family carriage was used to convey the Washington family to church, and to neighbors' homes, and often to Alexandria and points more distant. When you go to Mount Vernon you will see what the magnificent thing looked like. It will make you think affectionately of the luxuries of your gasoline "buggy."

Fox Hunting is an Old Virginia Custom

Modern Virginia maintains the lordly custom of fox hunting. Riders, and horses and hounds, still assemble to enjoy great days afield every season around Warrenton, Middleburg, Berryville and other places. The sport of fox hunting has been preserved as it has been passed down through generations of Virginians.

Authentic accounts relate how at the crowing of the cock the grey foxes were turned loose at Mount Vernon, and how the ladies and gentlemen of the region arrived at the mansion at the early peep of day, costumed for the chase. Washington, according to the accounts rode "with ease, elegance and power," showing that he was a real he-man, full of life, energy and enthusiasm—directly in contradiction to some modern ideas for which we have to blame some of the portrait painters.

The dinners at Mount Vernon that followed the hunts were happy events. At one of them it is related that a guest chided his host. "Colonel Washington," he said, "can't bear to have me possess the finest pair of driving horses in Fairfax county. He wants to buy them, but I won't sell them to him—because he never pays more than half-price for anything." The joke was on Washington and the laughter of his guests showed that they enjoyed his discomfiture. At that moment a parrot jumped onto a mantle and joined them in their laughter and merriment. While they were attracted to the antics of the bird Washington in his happy way turned the tables upon his hectorer. "Ah, Lee," he retorted, "you are a funny fellow. See, that bird is laughing at you."

In those days only a few were privileged to travel to far away Europe, from whose countries they traced their ancestry, as the slow sailing vessels took months to

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

L. W. BALDWIN

The President of the Missouri Pacific Railroad quotes lines from Kipling

Lewis Warrington Baldwin, President of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, represents the type of men whose constructive genius created a great through system of travel from St. Louis to the western coast and carried a network of routes south and west. It is a road that has developed great earning power, has opened up territory and made great industries possible. At the time the through system was inaugurated, this railroad was of great strategic importance, uniting as it did the Mississippi and the Golden Gate.

President Baldwin has had ample opportunity to employ his real gift of executive ability and has proved the value of working with foresight. His experience in every field of railroading has made his success possible. He was born in Waterbury, Maryland in 1875 and his education was acquired at St. John's College and Lehigh University. He began with engineering and then came the real education of life—the application of his training which carried him along as superintendent, to regional division responsibilities for different roads and then to administration and the presidency.

Such an experience gives one the greatest education—that of a knowledge of life and men. This knowledge is perhaps the reason for this railroad official giving as one of his favorites stirring lines from the rugged author, Kipling.

When I inquired as to his favorite poem or bit of prose, he told me:

"It is difficult to select any one bit of prose or verse and say that it is the favorite over all others. In my case this is true because I am especially fond of countless bits of writing of the kind to which you refer. There is one, however, that recurrently intrudes itself upon my consciousness and I have used it many times with, I believe, telling and inspirational effect on others. It is that brief bit written by Rudyard Kipling:"

It ain't the guns or armament
Nor the tunes the band can play,
But the close co-operation
That makes us win the day.

It ain't the individual nor
The Army as a whole,
But the everlasting team work
Of every bloomin' soul.

These lines—*multum in parvo*—voice the whole story of real progression, for it has been said by one of the wisest sages, that

"upon co-operation and reciprocity, the whole world may safely go forward."

* * *

EARL CORDER SAMS

The President of the J. C. Penney Company marks up "A Living Sermon" as a valuable heart throb and life inspiration

Having seen Mr. Earl Sams in action in his office, on the road and in the preparation and delivery of a speech, I could understand why this Kansas boy has made his way to the top as a merchant. He knows first of all the human equation.

He was one of the early partners of J. C. Penney and has helped to perfect one of the most remarkable mercantile organizations in the country. In spite of his busy activities he has found time for civic responsibilities and presented an auditorium to the Wesleyan University at Salina, Kansas in memory of his father and mother.

In all the mass of papers that passes over his desk, I found an anonymous poem entitled "A Living Sermon." The author is unknown, but there it was, on his desk, having been recopied many times to give to friends who were looking for a bit of verse.

"While this may not be poetry in the strict sense of the word, I have derived from it an inspiration many times," said Mr. Sams. "Those verses have left an indelible impression upon me of enduring significance."

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;

I'd rather one would walk with me than merely show the way.

The eye is a better pupil and more willing than the ear;

Fine counsel is confusing but example's always clear;

And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds,

For to see good put in action is what everybody needs.

I can learn how to do it if you let me see it done;

I can watch your hands in action and your tongue too fast may run;

And the lectures you deliver may be very wise and true,

But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do;

For I may misunderstand you and the high advice you give,

But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.

When I see an act of kindness I am eager to be kind;

When a weaker brother stumbles and a stronger stays behind

Just to see if he can help him, then the wish grows strong in me

To become as big and thoughtful as I know that friend to be.

And all travelers can witness that the best of guides today
Is not the one that tells them but the one that shows the way.

One good man teaches many men to believe what they behold;

One deed of kindness noticed is worth forty that are told;

Who stands with men of honor learns to hold his honor dear,

For right living speaks a language that to every one is clear;

Though an able speaker charms me with his eloquence, I say:

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any say.

In organizing and looking after one thousand stores scattered in all sections of the country, Earl Sams has been the aggressive and able lieutenant who has evolved a changed type of merchandising which exemplifies the philosophy of his favorite poem.

* * *

JOHN R. MACOMBER

The President of Harris, Forbes and Co. hails James Whitcomb Riley's tribute to the Horse as a human heart throb

In the setting of a beautiful New England landscape John R. Macomber, President of the well-known banking house of Harris, Forbes and Company, has created "Raceland." The location is one that rivals the old English estates and possesses the picturesque fascination of the Kentucky blue grass realm for thoroughbreds. It is located near the birthplace of Mr. Macomber at Meadow Brook, Framingham, Mass. Ever since boyhood days he has loved horses—good horses. Today he has his country home and wonderful stables of horses in one and the same place. In fact, he has living apartments not far from the box stall of the famous thoroughbreds which have won trophies in many hard-fought racetrack meets and blue ribbons at horse shows. Nearby is a track where the pupils of a riding school have their exhilarating rehearsals and tests of their skill in horsemanship. Hurdle jumping and all of the feats associated with the activities of thoroughbred horses are here enacted as on an open air stage. "Raceland" is just such a spot a real lover of horses might dream about.

An early morning breakfast on the turf surrounding the track, consisting of coffee, doughnuts and cheese, made it a real New England function. It was a gala occasion for an exhibition by the class at the riding school. Oldtimers insist that these events are to them more thrilling than the skill of professionals on the tracks or veterans

on a hunt, for there is the zest and daring of youth without the tricks of the jockeys—just an honest foursquare contest for the supremacy in revealing what horseflesh can do with human direction.

As a business man Mr. Macomber moves at a pace characteristic of his love of speed in horses and anything equestrian. In his incisive way, he immediately named Riley's poem as his heart favorite.

"Every time I read Riley's poem 'The Hoss' I feel a deeper love for that animal. The Hoosier boy's love of farm life is quite as much in evidence as the literary genius of the poet who wrote the lines I am indicating as a favorite bit of poetry. While it is a long poem it will bear rereading many times, and from it we get an understanding of the heartfelt sympathy of Riley for horses, that even rivals his fame as a lover of children."

The hoss he is a splendid beast;
He is man's friend, as heaven destined,
And, search the world from west to east,
No honester you'll ever find!

Some calls the hoss "a pore dumb brute,"
And, yet, like Him who died fer you,
I say, as I theyr charge refute,
"Fergive; they know not what they do!"

No wiser animal makes tracks
Upon these earthly shores, and hence
Arose the axiom, true as facts,
Extolled by all, as "Good hoss-sense!"

I bless the hoss from hoof to head—
From head to hoof, and tale to mane!—
I bless the hoss, as I have said,
From head to hoof, and back again!

I love my God the first of all,
Then Him that perished on the cross,
And next, my wife,—and then I fall
Down on my knees and love the hoss.

Ever since his graduation from Chauncy Hall School in Boston, Mr. Macomber has been a director and officer in many large business organizations, and also has served as an active member of the Board of Trustees of the New England Conservatory of Music and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to say nothing of membership in many clubs. When there is a "drive" on for any worthy cause in the interest of public welfare, it is felt that if John R. Macomber "has the reins" there will be speed—for he is always going at a record pace.

Meeting the Problem for more Work

Continued from page 458

It is important that each community where there is an unemployment problem plan wisely in advance for meeting it. This requires organization. The majority of the states and practically all communities that have an unemployment problem have already organized. Where this has not been done I recommend the following action be taken at once:

1. That a state-wide committee of leading citizens be appointed by the Governor.
2. That an emergency committee be organized in every community where there is an unemployment problem.
3. That this local committee inform itself as to the probable unemployment load this winter and develop ways and means for meet-

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ing it through providing employment or relief.
4. That each local committee inform its state committee as to its organization and plans.

The burden due to unemployment has undoubtedly increased greatly but my experience with unemployment relief work in New York last year led me to believe that this country has the knowledge, organization, wealth, and generosity to care effectively for the distress of this coming winter. My five weeks in Washington have confirmed that belief. I have tried to get a balanced view of the problem. The conclusions I have reached so far I have tried to give you tonight. As the winter progresses I shall endeavor from time to time to give you the most accurate picture of conditions that I can obtain. I shall endeavor not to make a publicity holiday of the miseries of some of our fellow countrymen, but to ask the aid of the press whenever there is any-

thing to say that will help or make clear the situation. Meanwhile I appeal to you to see the picture of this emergency in your own community as it is. Be sure you do not underestimate its seriousness, but do not let hysteria and exaggeration prevent wise action.

These periodic depressions come probably from a combination of causes and we shall mitigate them by improving our economic system in many different ways. I know of no case in history where a single simple remedy has removed the vicissitudes of life which mankind has always suffered. I have every confidence that we shall learn from this experience many things that will help us in the future. But the immediate and pressing task is to deal effectively with distress caused by unemployment this winter. It is a challenge to the resourcefulness of the American people. Its accomplishment will reaffirm the faith of all in the high purpose and idealism of America.

Story of "The Sun Which Shines for All"

Biographic flashes of eminent publishers of a pre-eminent newspaper - A century of days has been illuminated by the appearance of the New York Sun radiating a long-sustained influence and power second to no other one American newspaper.

IN these days of swift changes in all lines of industry, the Fourth Estate has not escaped. The pathetic picture of great newspapers like the New York "World" snuffing out like candles after decades of invaluable service as public institutions, seemed like a great tragedy to newspaper men and printers. There is no time for post-mortems in these speedy times; but there is a reassurance when we look about and see the "Sun" still shining. For generations the New York "Sun" has been a newspaperman's paper. It has remained a potent force in literary development since the first issue was printed with the sunrise of May 23, 1833.

Nearly one hundred years ago Dave Ramsey, a compositor on the "Journal of Commerce", took it into his head that New York needed a penny newspaper. There were seven morning and four evening papers in New York at the time all selling at six cents per copy. Working at the "case" beside him was Benjamin Day, to whom he talked day and night as they distributed type, concerning a penny newspaper. He could not resist punning the name of his co-worker and diplomatically suggested that "a Day should have a Sun." Dave Ramsey passed out of the picture, but his talks with Day sank in. It was not long before Day began talking the new project and launched his penny paper.

An advertisement appeared in the first issue calling an election by which the people of New York City gained the right to elect the first mayor by popular vote, as they had previously been chosen by the Common Council. It was a day of notables in Gotham at that time. Among names in the "personal mention" poet column was William Cullen Bryant, Washington Irving, the essayist, Nathaniel P. Willis, William Fennimore Cooper, the novelist, Prescott and Bancroft, historians. Hawthorne was then publishing his first novel, "Fanshawe", Poe was a struggling poet, Longfellow was an ambitious professor at Bowdoin College, "who wrote rhymes"; Thoreau was helping his father to make lead pencils, but in far off Buffalo was a lad working in a general store, selling steel traps to the Indians. He was studying Latin, Greek, poetry and history and his name was Charles Anderson Dana,

who was destined to become later a shining light of the great New York "Sun."

Greeley had failed in his "Morning Post" after three weeks, but undaunted Benjamin Day printed the second issue of the "Sun" with a typographical error of a date line 1832 on the second page, whereas it was 1833. A modest amount of theatrical advertisements paid for chiefly in passes gave the paper a Broadway flavor. Twenty-eight years before the Emancipation Proclamation, the New York "Sun" came out for abolition under the

"Honorable Daniel Webster will leave this morning for Washington" and that "Colonel David Crockett will visit the Bowery Theatre in the evening" and a mysterious suggestion of "a rumor is current of a duel to take place between two members of the House in Washington" while readers anticipated reading the result of the deadly duel in high life.

A file of the "Sun" reflects vivid pictures of New York life in the thrilling thirties, on to the frontier days of the forties and fifties; but it was during the Civil War that Charles A. Dana, guiding star of the greater "Sun" appeared. Having served as correspondent in the field and as Assistant Secretary of War under Lincoln, he brought to the "Sun" staff a name of national distinction. Moses Y. Beach had purchased the "Sun" from the militant Day but he carried a pen over his ear instead of a rapier in his belt and built up a circulation of fifty thousand.

The "Sun" printed the first piece of news to be sent by cable across the ocean in August 1858, announcing a treaty of peace with China by which England and France obtained all their demands, including the establishment of embassies at Peking.

As a member of the Brook Farm colony Dana was a recognized intellectual but he knew how to write high-brow in a way that the people understood. The reign of Dana marked a new era in American journalism. He changed the title of the "Sun" from Roman to Old Style English and created the slogan, "It shines for all." His inviolable rule was to be "always interesting." From that time on, the "Sun" was Dana and Dana was the "Sun", which he continued his life free from all set rules and traditions. A set of rules for newspaper work were prepared by him that persist into these times.

In 1916 the "Sun" was purchased by the late Frank Andrew Munsey, the distinguished pioneer in the 10c. magazine field. The life story of this successor of Charles A. Dana controlling the destinies of the "Sun" is as romantic and inspiring as that of any biography of self-made men. Born in Mercer, Maine, young Frank Munsey began his career at Lisbon Falls on the Androscoggin, clerking in the post office and there learned telegraphy. Leaving for New York to make his fortune he



William T. Dewart. From portrait by Frank O Salisbury

direction of George Wisner, who began on the paper at \$4 a week and later attended police court sessions at four A.M. until he landed the big job of editorial writer.

Even in these early days were scintillating paragraphs while but a column of ads on the front page, adorned with ships surrounded an essayic "leader" editorial.

Dynamic headlines in small type but emphatic words brightened the well-written news items. The "local" column included an item gravely announcing that

Altruism from the Individual Viewpoint

Continued from page 454

them the greatest task of human history. It is just this:

How may the social order be modified to bring peace and happiness to all the race so that nature's bounties may reach every individual in the fullest measure, under justice and liberty world wide?

While Dr. Blanchard resides in Poland O. with offices in Youngstown, Ohio, his work has evoked widespread comment far beyond the boundaries of his home state. In his text book on "Ambulant Proctology" widely known to members of the medical profession who have come in contact with Dr. Blanchard's clinics, he had incorporated his conclusions and observations.

Early in life he was identified with the "Arena Magazine." During his college career he decided that Socrates was the most dramatic figure of that early dawning age of thought, and he used his college Latin to obtain a deeper understanding of the thinkers and philosophers of Rome. Merely a review of the books he has read, referred to in his work, is in itself interesting and most convincing of his ardent pursuit of knowledge.

In 1902 he received his M. D. degree, having entered the medical school seven years previous, and is now an alumnus of Western Reserve University, but this in no way slackened his interest in the early-formed habit of systematic reading. After thirty-five years of medical practice, he still finds himself an ardent student of serious writing. In his studies and years of trial and stress in the practice of medicine he has not left a worthwhile book go by unnoticed. This he modestly asserts has been his education, keeping him in touch with the world's best thinkers through the printed page. The study of mankind in general, mingled with investigation with anatomy, physiology and materia medica, has been his persistent method of work in formulating his own conclusions.

In 1929 he was called to Nepal to serve the ruling Maharaja, Sir Chandra Shum-

sher. Later he taught proctologic methods at Bombay and at Katmandu to classes of Indian doctors.

While reading his book we may disagree with conclusions, but every page indicates painstaking effort in gathering material on which one may base even contrary views to one's own satisfaction. This invariably leaves those acquainted with him and his work a desire to accord him a meed of praise and appreciation for his service in gathering together so effectively a co-ordinated interpretation of thinkers.

Steadfast in maintaining his attitude of an amateur, Dr. Charles Elton Blanchard has made us all feel that we are welcome to the charmed circle that incorporates the ever-changing and swirling thought of our times, even if we must view it with him from the standpoint of amateurs. This doubtless explains the widespread favorable comment which his books have received abroad as well as at home, reflecting frank individualistic interpretation. The average person is interested in what others may believe concerning certain fundamentals that have always governed human life and activities ever since man began to express his inmost thoughts by word of mouth or on the printed page.

* Published by Medical Success Press, Youngstown, Ohio, \$3.

An Old Love Tale of the Gulf Coast

Continued from page 469

was of the haute noblesse. I loved madam, my wife; she loathed me. There lived in my house my cousin, a mere lad, but of so marvelous a beauty and wit that he won her very soul. She fled with him when you were but a babe. Then—my love for her and him, my kinsman, turned to blackest hate. I gave you to my servant Baurrien. No leper's taint was in his blood. I bade him tell you that, to set you apart from the loves and joys of life. Old Baurrien died of a terrible consumption—the kind that eats into the bones and makes men hideous to see. I had saved him from the guillotine. I was in France during the red time of the Terror, and he gave his life into my hands. Once a year I journeyed from my home in Mobile to Mon Louis to take him money and see that you were kept as simple as the habitants of the island. Yesterday when I reached Mon Louis you had fled. 'Natole Dufey said that he, with others, meant to track you and bear you forth, an exile from the place of men. I came with them to look on the end, but—"Sieur de Damoan's eyes were soft with tenderest thoughts—"your heart called to mind and held me from a monstrous crime."

He paused. Cher Vautrot threw his arms about Casimir-Jacques and sobbed out his joy. 'Natole, Pepito Alvarez and Maxime Deslonde shouted aloud, for they loved him also.

For him, he stood silent, then, stretching out his hand, he said in a smothered voice: "Since the blessed saints moved you to speak, I—I—must not hold anger in my soul, but—" he threw his arms up-

ward in despair—"the horror it has been since Baurrien told me of the taint."

Quietly the four men rowed to the schooner. A lilac mist edged the sea as they sailed away. Through the browning marshes the pools of the incoming tide darkened the onyx. Behind Pointe aux Pins the last splash of the afterglow died to purplish umber; the great stars shone like blossoms of light.

Out on the cool gallery, close to the silken fans of the palma Christi, Ubalde sat at supper and filled the glasses of Sieur de Damoan, Zélis and Casimir-Jacques with yellow wine. He laughed when he thought of how he would sail down to Grélot and bid him tune his fiddle well, for his—Ubalde Ouellete's—daughter was to marry a man whose father dwelt in a brick chateau; whose mother's people sat with the king. So—there must be fine music for the wedding guests to dance.

Heralding the Historic Herald-Traveler

Continued from page 457

trained staff. It contains about 6,500,000 clippings, 1,000,000 pictures, 600,000 cuts, 20,000 books and pamphlets, and complete files of both *Herald* and *Traveler*, since the first issue. The library is the most modern in equipment, and is one of the world's few fine newspaper libraries.

The photo engraving department is the wonder of the times. It would seem that almost as quickly as the camera can be focused the plate is made. The illustrations in the *Herald* and *Traveler* have long been a matter of admiration to readers and craftsmen alike.

Two Centuries Since Washington's Birth

Continued from page 475

make their trips. Washington had been dead almost twenty years before the first steamer, Savannah crossed the Atlantic. The Leviathan, Majestic and Bremen and other wonders of the sea were almost a century later in their arrival.

Now Alexandria is only a few minutes away from Mount Vernon; Washington can be reached without violating speed limits in little more than half an hour. The radio carries its messages to limitless distances in an instant; the telephone connects into the spiderlike network that covers the Nation; swift yachts and ships pass up and down the river. The traveler on horse back who dodged the worst of the roads; the ox-teams and the spans of horses that dragged their freighted wagons through mud and slush, and across corduroy roads, and forded the streams, to fulfill the needs of transportation, belong to the historic past. Even the army no longer travels on its legs, while the soldiers from Fort Humphrey; and the devil-dog marines from Quantico, twice as far from Washington as Mount Vernon, find it convenient to burn up thirty or forty miles of good roads, and at the end of an hour's travel, settle into easy chairs in Washington movie houses.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

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WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 13th day of October, 1931.
Lawrence S. Beare, Notary Public,
(My commission expires September 5, 1935)

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THE DODGE HOTEL

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An Honored Citizen of Hoosierdom *Continued from page 464*

about everything going on and what was going to happen, outlining in detail the tremendous program of beautification now under way in Indianapolis.

In the shadow of that imposing building and monument amid the constructive activities of the great plaza development, in the memorial office building that houses national offices of the American Legion and the Indianapolis chapter of the Red Cross, he has his headquarters.

The great spacious buildings and landscaping make one feel that Indianapolis is one state capitol in the United States that is comparable only to the city of Washington. It is laid out much after the plan of L'Enfant, with a circle from which radiates avenues and streets. Even



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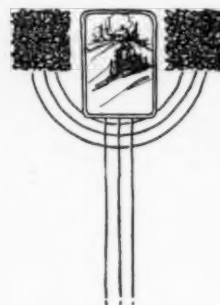
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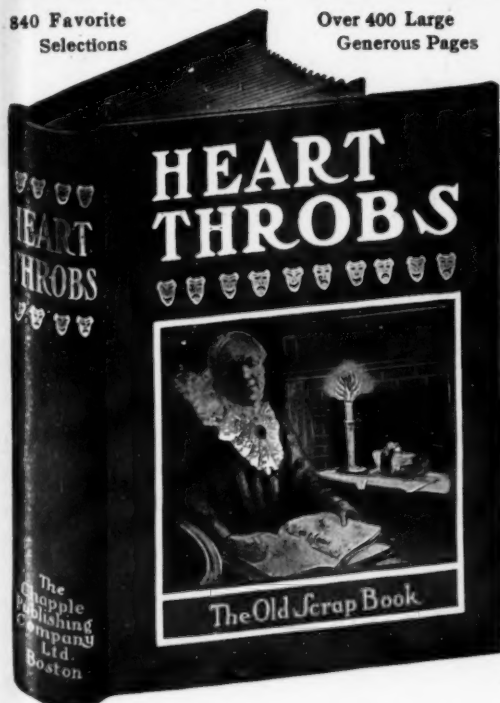
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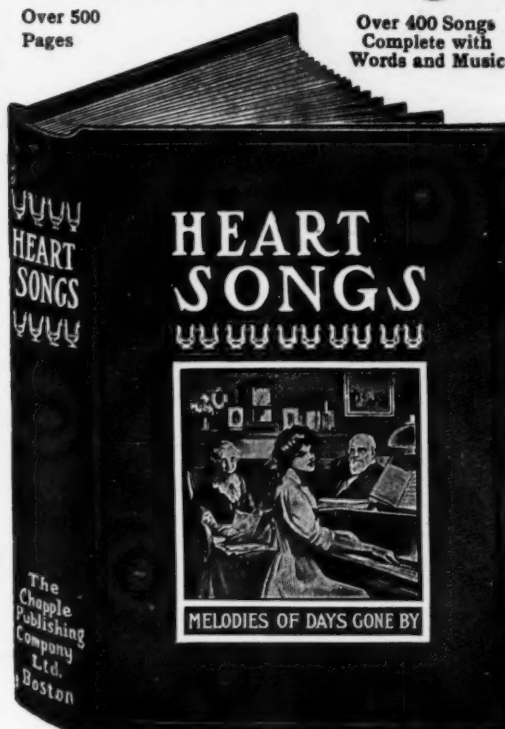
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Story of "The Sun Which Shines for All"

Continued from page 48c

established a publishing business that succeeded far beyond his "Argosy" dreams. He literally made his fortune and began buying newspapers. He purchased the New York Telegram, New York Herald and Sun, New York Press, The Evening mail and The Globe, marking another epoch in New York journalism and the beginning of the merger impulse in business.

Comes now the story of the modern New York Sun, when Mr. William T. Dewart purchased the paper after the death of Mr. Munsey and carried out the plan of mutualization which established another phase in American journalism.

A volume has been written on the story of the Sun, but volumes more could be written on this subject that would be of inestimable value in the study of the American journalism with which the luminous light of the New York Sun is indissolubly associated. It was fortunate indeed that Mr. W. T. Dewart appeared upon the scene when he did and preserved the great property from the fate that overtook other great newspapers when the founding creative personality had passed on. A man of broad views, sympathetic, earnest and energetic, Mr. Dewart has the satisfaction of not only having his associates carry on, but to have with him his two sons after they had proved their practical capabilities in working in different capacities on the newspaper. Making their own way, they seem to have caught the inspirations that

are associated with the ideals of the newspaper which their father is directing to maintain and ever increase the prestige of a newspaper that has made people think as they read, and reflect as they read. With the enviable prestige of being the leading evening newspaper printed in the English language, and an influence ever widening as the rays of light, the New York Sun radiates the spirit of modern Americanism.

Now for a biographic flash of William Thompson Dewart born in Fenelon Falls, Ontario, January 29, 1875. Ancestors from Dewart Castle, Mull, Scotland, wrote the stirring essays on political economy that would make good reading in the New York Sun of their worthy descendant today. The family moved to Rochester, N. Y. and at the age of fourteen young William, one of a family of eleven, went to work in a button factory and took a special course in chemistry at the University of Rochester. Starting in the button business, which was wiped out by the tariff laws of the Cleveland administration, he continued on, working on a wrecking train for thirteen cents an hour. Later in the railroad machine shops he worked at the planer and lathes day times and studied accounting at night. In this he discovered a natural bent for figures. When he was employed by Mr. Munsey at twelve dollars a week he obtained a position, singing in a church choir to eke out a goodly stipend per week. Facility with figures and accounting enabled him to

render valuable service to Mr. Munsey carrying on many varied enterprises. From that time on his advancement was rapid in the Munsey organization.

In the surroundings of the teeming cosmopolite activities that attend the production of the New York Sun I found Mr. Dewart in his office overlooking City Hall in the very environment where the Sun was first established. Here he was well poised and good tempered, conducting an organization in the spirit of the harmony and melody of music. He had learned to read the score, and to know just how many beats there were in a measure in his early struggling days. His favorite poem exemplifying his own character in life is entitled "Do It" by Herbert Kaufman. It was first published in the Live Wire one of the Munsey publications in 1908. The verses ring with the thought and purpose of the eminent publisher of a pre-eminent newspaper.

The responsibilities of American citizenship must be conserved in a way to meet the revolutionary changes in world conditions. Attuned to the pace of aviation, vivid and graphic as the motion pictures of world events occur minute by minute, with a voice or pen that follows the ever-widening horizon of radio and rapid communication between the peoples of the earth as the neighbors in the communities, the Sun truly does "shine for all" today in the early thirties of the last century.



"I'll see it through
if you will!"



"**T**HEY tell me there's five or six millions of us—out of jobs.

"I know that's not your fault, any more than it is mine.

"But that doesn't change the fact that some of us right now are in a pretty tough spot—with families to worry about—and a workless winter ahead.

"Understand, we're not begging. We'd rather have a job than anything else you can give us.

"We're not scared, either. If you think the good old U. S. A. is in a bad way more than temporarily, just try to figure out some other place you'd rather be.

"But until times do loosen up, we've got to have a little help.

"So I'm asking *you* to give us a lift, just as I would
"So I'm asking you to give us a lift, just as I would give one to you if I stood in your shoes and you in mine.

"Now don't send me any money—that isn't the idea. Don't even send any to the Committee which signs this appeal.

"The best way to help us is to give as generously as you can to your local welfare and charity organizations, your community chest or your emergency relief committee if you have one.

"That's my story, the rest is up to you.

"I'll see it through—if you will!"

"I'll see it through—if *you* will!"

—Unemployed, 1931

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W. A. Clements,
464 Wilmot Ave.,
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An American, the son of one of General Grant's soldiers, wants to thank you for your program this date. It was wonderful. Your hour on the air was the best I ever heard. Again I thank you.

J. H. Elwell,

33 Brewster Road,
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Your Sunday presentation of the Hays regime was a masterpiece, not only in voice, but by the authenticity of facts. Please accept my great thanks to you and the station WEEI from which this perfect radio casting was made possible.

Watson M. Ayers,
Danvers, Mass.

I had the privilege and pleasure of listening to you last evening over the radio at WEEI, Boston, on "Face to Face with our Presidents." You did splendidly in reproducing the spirit of the times. I am a retired minister of the New England Methodist Conference in my 97th year, able to take an interest in what is going on in town, state, country and world. You have first class talent in reproducing characters vividly. I anticipate hearing you next Sunday night.

Mrs. John W. Patrick,
634 Prospect St.,
Methuen, Mass.

Your broadcasts are wonderful. When your half hour is over, I have that same feeling I experience after a good turkey dinner—I have taken in mind something on which to feed and something that can be digested and so do me good mentally. We people who cannot see do certainly appreciate these wonderful choice things which come to us over the air from such brainy and busy men. Your voice, too carries well, and every word is so distinctly enunciated.

W. S. Preyer,
W. S. Preyer & Co.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Your radio broadcasting received splendidly and comments of friends and associates very flattering to you and we look forward with eagerness to continuation of your program. Such talks as you are giving are particularly interesting to young America.

H. A. Merion,
Hotel La Salle,
Boston, Mass.

I listen in and have a wonderful time when you are on the air. I call it My Enchanted Hour.

G. Campbell Bensley,
1a Ivy St.,
Boston, Mass.

I wish to thank you for the enjoyment we have derived from your Sunday afternoon programs. I think of all programs, barring none, we have enjoyed yours the most. The personal touch and insight into the life and character of the great men of our day has been a delightful inspiration. I am fifteen years old and a freshman in the Jamaica Plain High School agricultural course.

Helen F. Seiwick,

3 Acton St.,
Maynard, Mass.

Your talks are indeed enlightening for although one may have read a great deal of the life of many of whom you speak somehow you seem to have always come in closer touch and to know some little interesting thing that one would get in no other way. Though one may have looked upon the very scene you describe, you somehow have viewed it with different eyes and in a different light. One is sure to become enlightened by what you have to say.

R. Wright,
Summer St.,
Boston, Mass.

Joe Chapple certainly makes your heart throb. The best talks I've heard on the radio.

Mrs. Eva W. Schneider,
33 Wetherbee Ave.,
Lowell, Mass.

I was very much interested and greatly pleased with your broadcast last Sunday afternoon. I hope to listen to many more in the future.

J. Milnor Walmsley,
Union Trust Building,
Rochester, N. Y.

I desire to express my sincere thanks to the National Broadcasting Co. and to Mr. Chapple for a program that is not only a wonderful entertainment, but is most interesting from an educational standpoint. I do not think the program can be improved.

Geo. H. Shea,
309 North Ave.,
No. Abington, Mass.

Your half hour "on the air" today has turned a dull day into an interesting one. Since hearing you speak, a few years ago, at Boston University, I have been interested in whatever you have to say or write.

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Don't lose people's good will by borrowing their pens. Unless the pen is a Parker Duofold, your hand is apt to foul the point, or change its action. Don't expose yourself. That may often cost you many times the price of a pen.

But there'll be numerous occasions when you'll *have* to borrow if you don't own this sure-fire Parker Duofold. For ordinary pens never seem to work when you need them most; while all Parker Duofold Pens—even the Duofold Jr. and Lady Duofold at \$5, as well as the Seniors at \$7 and \$10—are built to stand up to our *Guarantee for Life!*

Take a few minutes to stop at the nearest pen counter and pick the Duofold that fits your hand to a "T." You'll be prepared then for any emergency—even for lending—gracefully. For no style of writing can foul, dis-

tort, or alter Parker's miracle Duofold point. Still it writes as easily as you breathe—with amazing Pressureless Touch!

Parker's large-scale production makes a big difference in your favor when it comes to value. Even the Duofolds at \$5 have 22% to 69% more ink capacity than some pens of other makes priced 50% higher.

Yet none has Parker's stylish, balanced, streamlined design—"America's Shapeliest"—or Parker's Invisible Filler and Patented Clip that lets the pen set low and unexposed in the pocket.

The only guarantee you'll need for life is the name on the barrel—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." Accept none without it, if you want the real thing. Avoid the borrowing habit.

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Back Childhood's
Dreams

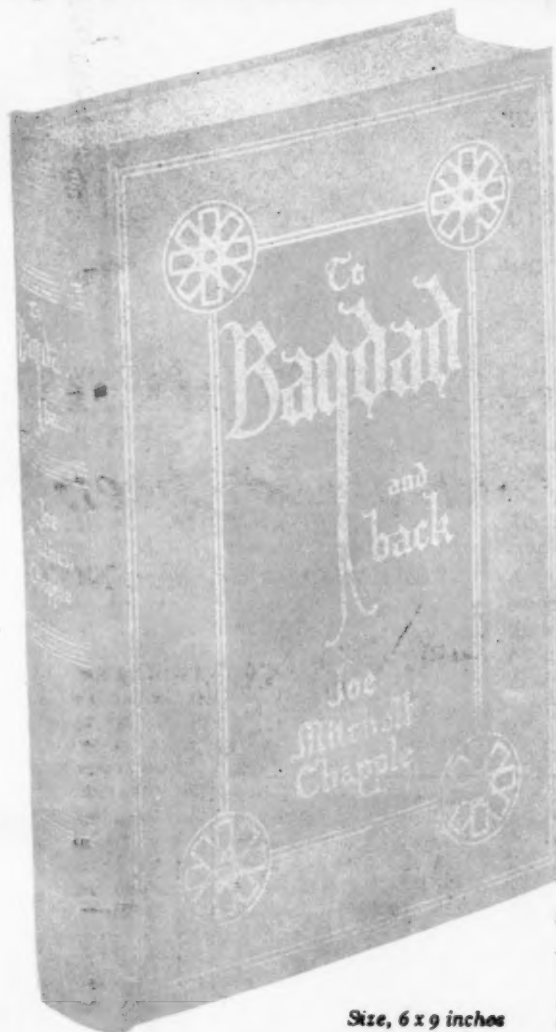
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Wander
with its Author
Amid the Scenes of
Ancient Writ—the
Birthplace of the
Human Race

—

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

—Tennyson



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—

... Old as the hills: old as
the winds that fan the desert
sands from Basra to Barca, her
features scarred but unsullied by
the hand of Time that laid low
the Eternal City, Bagdad was
old when the mythical story of
Romulus and Remus told of the
mythical origin of Rome. Older
than the temples among whose
ruins Mary and the Child sought
shelter from the wrath of Herod;
old, nay, hoary with age—when
Moses, the Infant of the Nile,
led forth half a million freed
slaves and gave them an Empire
and a Book."

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Within its 300 Pages**

— — — — —

THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

"YES—I am 39 years old!"

SAYS IRENE RICH

*This charming screen star
tells a complexion secret
605 of Hollywood's 613
important actresses know*

■ "I don't mind confessing it a bit," says Irene Rich with her warm, irresistible smile. "I really am thirty-nine years old! A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn't *look* old. To face the cruel test of the camera she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth.

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IRENE RICH AND HER DAUGHTERS
(left to right) Frances, twenty years old, Jane (in background), fourteen, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, Irene Rich says: "The right soap can do wonders for your skin. I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly for years."



Photograph by
Autrey, Hollywood, 1930



IRENE RICH, the screen star whose loveliness has endeared her to millions, confesses frankly to thirty-nine birthdays. And why not? Years have only added to her charm. Above (in the circle) is one of her most recent photographs—below it, a picture from one of her recent films!

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Youth

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